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SIXPENCE.
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MISS HARRIETT VERNON, PRINCIPAL BOY AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RETLAWS, EDINBURGH.

“SUCCESS BY CIRCULATION, SIR.”

A LIGHT ON THE YEAR'S BOOKS.

Everybody who knows about literature has already written on the books of the past year, and we all know what has been said. This interview with an average bookseller is also meant to set out some of the successful books of the year, but by a different process.

“No; it's not for the likes of me to sit in judgment artistically on my betters,” said my friend the bookseller, as he threw a “thrummily” trousered leg over the corner of his counter. He evidently expected me to compassionate him, or to say a word of cheer; but I did neither.

“You see,” he continued, “the pursuit and practice of literature is a high and mighty and dignified business, while bookselling—well, it's going to the dogs, isn't it? Still, it hasn't gone so far that way that I can't, on the basis of the sales, tell you something of books that have been what I should call successful. Artistic merit, Sir? Give me circulation, Sir; that's my test of success.”

“Well,” I said, “go ahead.”

“It may surprise you to know,” he recommenced in a minute, “that a book which every literary critic of them praised has been the most largely circulated of the year. Ah, you're surprised at my way of putting it; but no matter. I mean, of course, Hall Caine's ‘Manxman.’ How many of my customers have bought a copy? I'm sure I don't know; but all of them, certainly, who could afford it, and some who couldn't.”

“Well,” I said again, and the good man took down one leg off the counter and put up the other and thought.

“Then there's ‘Marcella,’ you know, which I read myself, seeing a customer sent back a soiled copy—having at first got it on credit—because he said it was useless to pass it on to his children. But perhaps I should have mentioned ‘Esther Waters,’ which, let me say to you, Sir, I have not read, not having a customer who returned a soiled copy. ‘My Lady Rotha’ and ‘Under the Red Robe’ have gone capitally, and you can assure Stanley Weyman that if he goes on writing stories like these I'll always lay in a stock of him. If you happen to know Crockett, which perhaps you don't, you can take him a message from me in equally assuring terms, only I have this grievance against ‘The Raiders,’ that the spleet new copy I took home from the shop one night to read got into the cradle of my youngest child and came out—”

“Bowdlerised?” I suggested; but the only idea running in my bookseller's head was the loss of his three shillings and something.

“Naturally,” he resumed by-and-by, “Robert Louis Stevenson could not write a story but what it would sell, even if somebody else assisted him in the writing. His death, too, has given a new life to ‘The Ebb Tide’; but I could well have spared the extra sale if the man had only been spared to us. Yet another boom by a Scotsman, Ian Maclarens’s ‘Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush,’ has been much in request, and truly, it's wonderful what a vogue studies in Scotch character are having. Speaking for myself and what I have seen of Scotsmen, it'll take a good many books, however, before we comprehend all the ups-and-downs of Scotch character. ‘Life's Little Ironies’ has sold well, and continues to sell,” the bookseller continued, “but nothing like ‘Tess.’ There's little to be said about ‘Trilby,’ you know, because it is still in the—from the bookseller's point of view—swaddling-clothes of the three-volume form. Somehow, the booksellers never cared much for the three-volume novel. Perhaps it was because it did not mean trade to any degree to them. Still, when ‘Trilby’ comes tripping along in single volume, with Du Maurier's pictures, I warrant you that it will do excellently. ‘Elder Conklin’ I have been asked for twice to-day, and I have ordered copies to meet a demand of three to-morrow. By the bye, who is the author? If he knew I was so brisk on the book, it might please him. It would me.”

“What have you to say of books outside fiction?” I interrupted, somewhat irreverently.

“Well, there's Benjamin Kidd's ‘Social Evolution,’ which people buy and read or put in their libraries, because it looks well to have such an able work. And there's Stopford Brooke's study of Tennyson, and James Payn's ‘Gleams of Memory,’ and an autobiography, which I have found sell better than any other of the year, Sir William Gregorie's. Still, there's one exception I ought, perhaps, to make—namely, the late Sir John Astley's book, which had an uncommonly good run. Poetry I find it difficult to discuss, because the public does not buy much poetry, excepting when cousins and aunts and such-like folk are celebrating birthdays. Shakspere and Milton and Tennyson, with Browning thrown in, are the favourites that way. Only, what I meant to say was that William Watson's ‘Odes,’ and John Davidson's ‘Ballads’ are doing not at all badly, considering they are only poetry, you know.”

Such are a few of the results of the great system of “success by circulation, Sir,” as my friend phrased it to me when we shook hands.

For the Lingfield Steeplechases on Friday and Saturday, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway run special fast trains from Victoria 11 a.m., from London Bridge 11.15 a.m., and from Addison Road 10.40 a.m., returning immediately after the races. A special fast train (first-class only), for club members, will leave Victoria 11.30 a.m. A special train will leave Brighton (Central Station) at 11.25 a.m., and Tunbridge Wells at 12 noon. There will be cheap day return tickets from Hastings and St. Leonards, &c.

A NOTABLE AUSTRALIAN OPERA.

Australia, though young, and still struggling with the mere commercialism on which any new country must base itself, is taking its place in the world of literature and the arts. In Madame Melba it has already given us one of the greatest operatic singers of the time, and now, for the first time in its history, it has had an opera which has not been previously submitted to non-Australian audiences. That opera is altogether notable. Its composer is no less than Sir William Robinson, Governor of Western Australia.

Sir William is already familiar to the musical world as the composer of some very popular songs, best known of which, perhaps, is his “Remember me no more.” Those who know him are aware that music is with him much more than the idle amusement of an empty day; it is an art to which he is devoted with all his cultivated soul. The life of a man of keen artistic tastes in a colony like the “Cinderella” of the Australian group would hardly be likely to be of the most satisfying character. Melbourne and Sydney, if not like Paris or London, are, at all events, as full of intellectual life as, say, Birmingham, or Liverpool, or Manchester. But Perth would spell Purgatory for most people who require something more than so many meals a day and a dash of sport. “His Ex.,” however, is a man of resource, and he has occupied his leisure time at Government House by composing an opera. “Predatoros; or, the Brigand's Bride,” has just been performed at the principal theatre in Melbourne, the Princess's. It was produced during the great racing carnival

SIR W. ROBINSON AS PREDATOROS.
(From the “Melbourne Punch.”)

which is held every November in Melbourne. The festivities in connection with the Melbourne Cup are always attended by practically all social Australia, including the Governors of the various colonies. Sir William had, therefore, a brilliant audience to witness the first performance of his first ambitious musical work, including Lord Kintore from Adelaide, Lord Gormanston from Tasmania, and Sir Robert Duff from Sydney.

There is no mistaking the quality of Sir William Robinson's music. He has a felicitous fancy, a dainty wit that finds expression in many numbers charmingly melodious, and, above all, the musicianly skill to set his gems in an orchestral arrangement full of resource and ingenuity. Many a light opera has had a long run in London that has not had nearly so much to recommend it as this work, though, indeed, one is quite aware that this may not be saying very much. It is certainly in no sense a feeble work, and while it is suggestive of much of the light music of the French school, and owes much, perhaps, to the work of Sir Arthur Sullivan, it cannot be said that it is “reminiscent.”

The librettist is Mr. Francis Hart, a Western Australian journalist, who has furnished a clever book. The story has some resemblance to “The Chieftain,” now being performed at the Savoy. It tells of a band of brigands, led by a most gentlemanly scoundrel, named Predatoros, who inhabit a mountain pass, and live principally by plundering British tourists. Shortly after the opera opens, when the brigands have explained who they are in the usual bucolic chorus, which we always look for in comic opera, a family come up the mountain-side, answering to the emphatically English name of Potts. There are Mr. Potts, his wife, and their son and daughter. The latter, Angelina, is, of course, very beautiful. The whole family fall into the hands of the brigands, who very courteously relieve them of all their money and jewellery. But Angelina and Predatoros recognise each other. They have met before, in Paris; in fact, the brigand chief is in reality a Greek prince, who, having no income of his own, is obliged to take to brigandage to earn a decent livelihood. Needless to say, the pair fall madly in love, and Predatoros resolves to give up robbery and marry Angelina. Meanwhile, old Potts has been struck by the charm of the free, wild life, and is anxious to purchase the good-will and stock of the brigand chief, at a proper valuation. This is agreed to, and Potts starts in business as head of the band, which he proceeds to run on regular commercial principles. However, he soon gets tired of this game, and is only too glad to return to the humdrum of ordinary life, and permit of the marriage of his daughter to the princely brigand, who makes his former lieutenant, Burglaros, leader of the band.

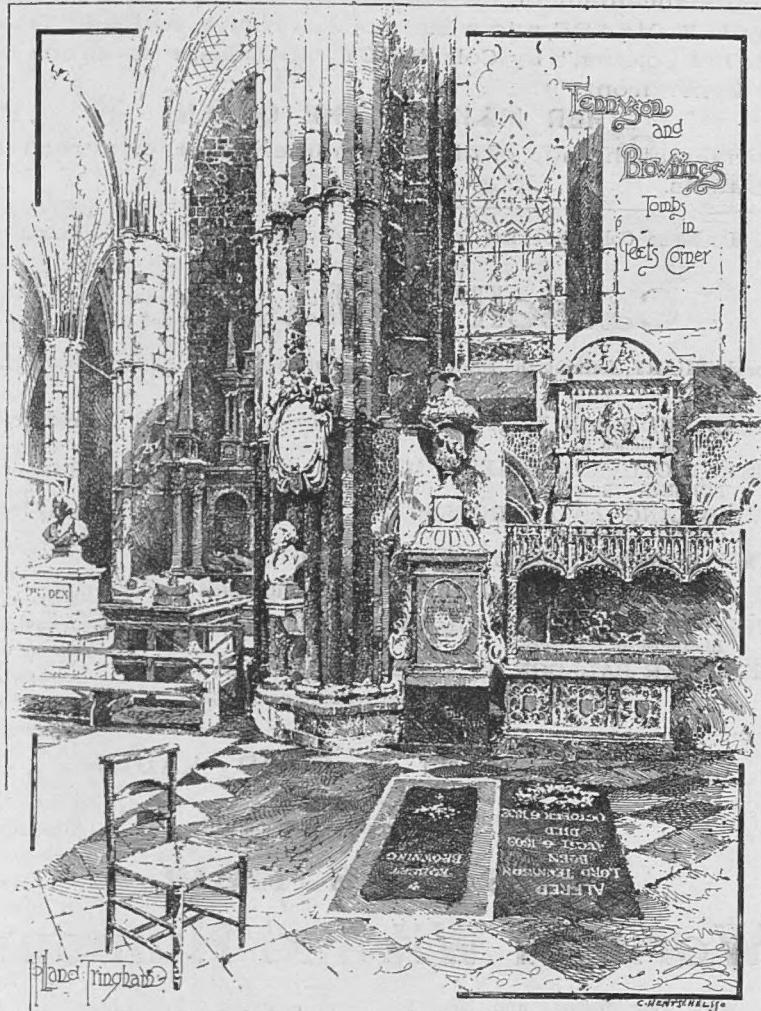
Sir William Robinson, it is scarcely necessary to add, has had a distinguished career in the service of her Majesty. He was, for seven years, Governor of South Australia, has been Acting Governor of Victoria, and has served two terms as Governor of Western Australia. Earlier in his career he was Governor of the Falkland Islands and of Prince Edward Island, and was, in 1877, special envoy to the King of Siam. Sir William hopes to secure the production of his opera in London.



NEW EDITIONS OF TENNYSON AND BROWNING.

BY EDMUND GOSSE.

By a curious coincidence Messrs. Macmillan and Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. have just sent forth in their final form the works of Tennyson and Browning. There is something pathetic, and something, too, solemn and affecting in this simultaneous closing of two noble records. At the same moment, as it were, the brazen gates of two vast funeral monuments clang back, and leave us with a doubled sense of what we have lost. For those of us who have reached middle life, however far our days may be prolonged, no future names, ascending or still to appear, will approach in significance those of the two magnificent master-poets in whose light



THE TOMB OF TENNYSON AND BROWNING.

we walked so long, in whose vitality and versatility we used to rejoice, and without whose personal presence among us to sustain it, the imaginative life still seems something anomalous and empty. Our world of habitual poetic thought is and must remain what Browning and what Tennyson made it. For new men, new gods; but for us no other leaders can quite take the place that these have occupied so long.

The new "Tennyson" in one volume is a massive publication, and conducts us, in 900 pages, from "Claribel" to "Crossing the Bar." It is distended by the plays, to which "The Foresters" is now added; these form a third of the whole, and prevent the book from being a very agreeable one to hold or handle. We suppose that it would be considered by the publishers a step in a backward direction to publish a volume containing the entire poems with the exclusion of the plays? It would be welcome to many readers, whose respect for Tennyson's dramatic verse is considerable, but not by any means commensurate with their reverence and love for his narrative and lyrical work. It is, nevertheless, highly convenient for the general student to have his complete Tennyson thus shut once for all between two covers that are "as summer-new, As the green of the bracken amid the gloom of the heather." Not that, in the more exact sense, this latest "Tennyson" is absolutely complete. We may still inquire what portent appeared, when—

The northwind fall'n, in the new-starrèd night
Zidonian Hanno, voyaging beyond
The hoary promontory of Soloë
Past Thymatiereion, in calmèd bays,
Between the southern and the western Horn,
Heard neither warbling of the nightingale,
Nor melody o' the Lybian lotus-flute
Blown seaward from the shore,

and this broad volume will vouchsafe no answer, though these are splendid lines from Tennyson's prime of manhood. Here, too, is a little

blossom of song dropped for more than sixty years from Tennyson's heavy garland, and not picked up by his latest editor—

Who can say
Why to-day
To-morrow will be yesterday?
Who can tell
Why to smell
The violet, recalls the dewy prime
Of youth and buried time?
The cause is nowhere found in rhyme.

A work that is now eminently requisite is a variorum Tennyson. It need not be of overwhelming bulk, since of late years, certainly from 1870 onward, the poet almost entirely abandoned the habit of altering his current published verse. But the volumes of 1830 and 1833, particularly the latter, are full of parallel readings and extinguished beauties, which should not be lost to the world. How many poets are there in the English language rich enough to fling away, for example, such a jewel as this—

As when to sailors, while they roam
By creeks and outfalls far from home,
Rising and dropping with the foam,
From dying swans wild warblings come,
Blown shoreward—

a sequence which Tennyson printed in 1833, and never again?

Browning offers no such field to the seeker after parallel passages. Rugged or violent as his verse might be, he very seldom saw means afterwards of polishing or softening it. We know that he tried to re-write "Sordello," but the world has not been given the results of that perilous experiment. On the other hand, the new edition of his works is probably more complete, in the absolute sense, than that of Tennyson. The early collection of Browning's lyrics, "very mellifluous, and in the manner of Byron," which turned up again, to the poet's horror, late in his life, was destroyed by his own hand. This will never be seen by Mr. T. J. Wise, who must resign, moreover, the ambition of discovering "Mansoor the Hierophant," which was ready for the press in 1840. I do, however, know where there exists, unpublished, a manuscript narrative poem of Browning's of the "Pacchiarotto" period, neither better nor worse than the rest of its peers of that time, but I am not at liberty to describe it, and, potent as Browning was, the world has quite enough of the verse of his old age.

The new volume—the seventeenth of the complete "Browning," is made up of "Asolando," and of 150 pages of biographical and critical notes, illustrating the entire *opus*. These are anonymous; I suppose that they may prove serviceable to certain readers. Exhaustive they cannot be; to enlighten my own ignorance, I examined them with respect to the tiny sheaf of "Asolando," and found my darkness unrelieved so far as regards Rosny, and Matteo da Bascio, and the "Annals" of Father Boverio, and Tulou, and Francesco Romanelli, and Rephan. This was a little disappointing; I really did want to know about Tulou—"that's an air of Tulou's, He maltreats persistent." But, in return, there are nice clear definitions of what an "iconoclast" is and who Keats was, and an explanation of the phrase "Know thyself," all of which are very valuable. The student of Browning, too, is no longer caught up by the unusual word "Aphrodite." The notes explain that this was "the Greek name of Venus." These notes should have been published in the days of the Browning Society; the members would have found them most useful. "'Zeus' = Jupiter." There is a luminous note for you! But how very angry dear Mr. Browning would have been!

SORROW AND JOY.

TO MY FRIEND BEATRICE HARRADEN

(By whose allegory in "In Varying Moods" these verses were suggested).

Over all the world together, roam twin-sisters hand in hand,
Aye together, closely clinging, roam they singing thro' the land.
One is dark—her name is Sorrow—but her sister Joy is fair,
And their mystic voices, blending, fill with music all the air.
Joy ne'er sings without her sister, note for note their voices meet;
'Tis the deeper tones of Sorrow make the song of Joy so sweet

Joy and Sorrow; Sorrow and Joy;
Daughters twain in Love's employ.
Ah! few there be who understand
The song ye sing from land to land.

Vainly strove a bard to utter thoughts too hard for words to tell;
Sorrow comes with tender purpose, takes the child he loves so well.
But she pleads with Joy, her sister, "Stay with him, and gently deal;
Pour thy balm within the heart-wound I have made but cannot heal."
Soon the suff'rer's soul was softened, soon he sang with trembling tongue
That new song they twain had taught him: 'twas the song they twain
had sung.

Joy and Sorrow; Sorrow and Joy;
Daughters twain in Love's employ.
Ah! few there be who understand
The song ye sing from land to land.

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A FEW WORDS WITH MR. MAX BEERBOHM.

Mr. Max Beerbohm left Oxford only last term to plunge into the delights of literature in London. In that short space of time, by his curious contributions to the *Yellow Book*, he has gained a more than merely esoteric fame. Indeed, he may be said to occupy in literature somewhat the same position as does Mr. Aubrey Beardsley in art. The success of each has been a success of astonishment. Both are essentially modern, and "implied," to borrow some of Mr. Beerbohm's own favourite phrases, with a love of the "mysteries of style," a passion for "paradox and marivaudage"—in fact, for "all unusual things." The style of each, moreover, is wonderfully sure and complete for artists so very young.

I went with a letter of introduction to Mr. Beerbohm's house some time ago. It is one of that row of houses known as Hyde Park Place. Its windows command a charming view of the Park—a place which, as Mr. Beerbohm remarked to me, is "quite as nice as the country, and not half so provincial!" The room in which Mr. Beerbohm received me and spends most of his time is the same room in which Kinglake wrote his famous history of the Crimean War. I could not help wondering what



MAX BEERBOHM IN BOYHOOD.

Kinglake would have thought of his youthful successor's History of George the Fourth. Youthful certainly he is—not, indeed, quite as youthful as he is seen in the portrait which he gave me for reproduction in *The Sketch*, and which, he explained, is the only one that has been taken in recent years. He has altered very little since then, though he no longer wears a fringe and has exchanged the frivolities of the white and blue sailor suit for the sterner realities of the frock-coat and high collar. His inscrutable, somewhat cynical, expression heightens his appearance of youthfulness, and his manners are studiously urbane.

"I am afraid," he said, in his gentle, musical voice, in answer to my request, "that there is very little to tell about my life so far. I have done the ordinary things. I went to Charterhouse when I was twelve, but I don't know that I enjoyed myself much there. I agree with that cosy writer, Mr. James Payn, who has so often pointed out that boys are not a nice race. They are bullies or cowards, according to their size. Not that there was 'bullying' in the accepted sense—that has all been suppressed, along with highway robbery and town-and-gown rows. Boys, nowadays, indulge in a kind of social terrorism among themselves that is far more objectionable than the roasting and tossing of the good old days. The snobbishness of boys is amazing. The gossip and the scandal that go on at a public school would alarm a dowager. But Oxford—Oxford is the perfect city. I shall never have such a happy time as I had there."

"What are your plans now? Are you going in for literature wholly?"

"No; I intend to draw as well—always caricatures. You may have seen my series in *Pick-Me-Up* and the *Pall Mall Budget*. One or two of those drawings have been thought rather cruel, I believe. I can't understand how anyone can resent a mere exaggeration of feature. The caricaturist simply passes his subject through a certain grotesque convention. That the result is not a classically beautiful figure proves nothing about the personal appearance of the subject. There is no such thing as a good or a bad subject for caricature. Adonis or Punchinello is equally good game. I never pretend that my caricatures are meant for portraits. And I do not think that the men themselves whom I have drawn have ever been offended."

"Perhaps their wives have been? Now tell me, Mr. Beerbohm, about your writing. Tell me about the article on 'Cosmetics'—the best-abused thing in the first number of the *Yellow Book*—or about your whitewashing of George IV."

"My article on 'Cosmetics' was a very good joke, but—I thought when I wrote it—rather obvious. I was surprised the critics did not see it at once. It is not often a new writer has to complain of being taken too seriously. 'George IV.' was received in a far more reasonable manner. My point of view was more nearly understood. I meant all I said about George, but I did not choose to express myself quite seriously. To treat history as a means of showing one's own cleverness may be rather rough on history, but it has been done by the best historians, from Herodotus to Froude and myself. Some of my 'George' was false, and much was flippant; but why should a writer sit down to be systematically serious, or else conscientiously comic. Style should be oscillant."

"Oscillant? Is that one of your queer words, of which we have heard so much? Do you intend to abandon them, as an affectation?"

"Certainly not. They are not affected. At times there is no word in the English dictionary by which I can express my shade of meaning. I try to think of a French, or Latin, or Greek one. If I can't, then I invent a word—such as 'pop-limbo' or 'bauble-tit'—often a compound of some well-known English word with an affix or prefix to point its significance. Sometimes I invent a word merely because the cadence of a sentence demands it."

"And are you writing much now?"

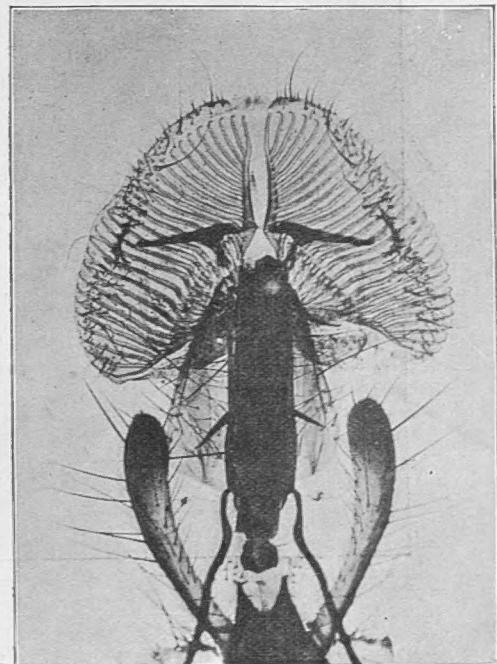
"I am doing some work for the new *Saturday Review*, and I am in treaty with a publisher to produce a little book of studies and essays. At this moment I am writing a treatise upon 'The Brothers of Great Men,' including a series of psychological sketches of Mr. Willie Wilde, Mr. Austin Chamberlain, and others."

"You are a brother of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, I believe?"

"Yes; he is coming into the series!"

HOW THE MAIRS ARE STOPPED IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Who ever heard of a flea being capable of such important transgressions as to actually hinder the delivery of her Majesty's mails? And yet the thing has occurred quite recently in British Central Africa. This horrid little beastie has, it appears, certain corkscrew capabilities with which it insinuates its unwelcome presence, principally in the victim's foot, and this lively traffic in humanity has lately become so general that many of the native postmen have been lamed, and so considerable delay has occurred in transmission of the mails. Locusts are also a power to be reckoned with in the land, coming in uncountable myriads and picnicking on native plantations. So far, they have avoided the tea and coffee shrub grown largely in the Shiré province, and have disdained European crops generally, to the surprised satisfaction of the settlers. But how long it will take them to cultivate a false appetite is another question quite; and one vigorous young colonist, writing home, piously assures me that there is a fortune for any of "those inventive fellows who can produce a remedy or antidote against the inroads of these blankety blank locusts," or still more, no doubt, the doubly blanketed "jigger." Speaking of fleas brings one naturally to flies, and here is an interesting photograph of the proboscis of a fly, taken by Mr. Richard Smith, of Hovis Bread fame.

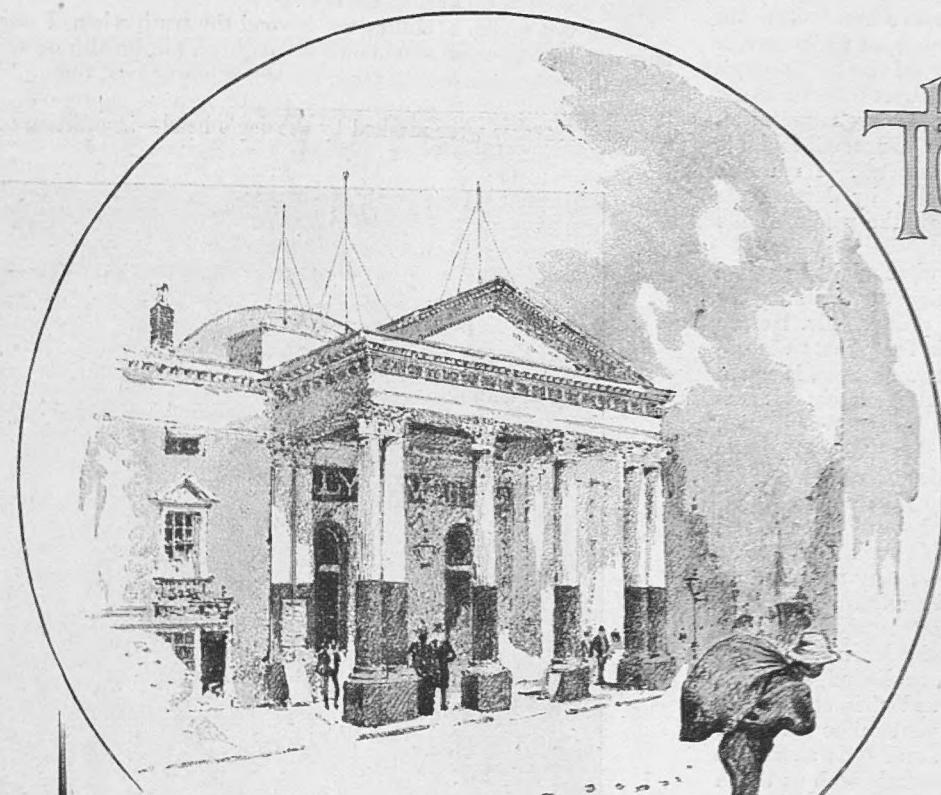


THE PROBOSCIS OF A FLY.
From a Photograph taken by Mr. R. Smith, of Hovis Bread fame.



LA CIGARETTE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



The Themes
of
English
Pantomime

The Lyceum



Drury
Lane.

"SANTA CLAUS," AT THE LYCEUM.

When I went to "Santa Claus" it was hardly with the hope that we should have a pantomime so delightful as the "Cinderella" of last year. In the first place was the question of subject. "Santa Claus" does not suggest such a dramatic subject as the dear old Perrault, of which even a far less adroit workman than Mr. Horace Lennard could not fail to make a presentable play. In the second, Miss Ellaline Terriss was not in the cast. Of course, I do not say that the charming Cinderellaline is an actress of universal genius, but in this case there happened to be a perfect and exquisite coincidence of actress and character. I am not, however, forgetful of another delightful Cinderella, by Miss Kate Vaughan, who, not many years ago, danced through the whole of the pantomime in a fashion I shall never forget.

However, even if "Santa Claus" hardly reaches what might be called the occidental level of "Cinderella," it is a pantomime of which Father Christmas, as well as Mr. Oscar Barrett, may be proud. Mr. Horace Lennard must have had a hard time with the book, for "Santa Claus," though a pretty title, and parent or child of a charming idea, is not a bit more dramatic in significance than a packet of butter-scotch. It was a happy thought to bring in the tale of "The Babes in the Wood," and also of "Robin Hood and Maid Marian," and weave a tale out of the three subjects. There is decided ingenuity in the idea of combining the themes by making Marian's father the wicked uncle of the Babes.

Yet, I protest I am an admirer of Thomas Love Peacock, and particularly of his "Maid Marian," and in that lovable book I have come to know and like Lord Fitzwater, the parent of the merry maid. I do not for one moment believe that the bold baron had anything to do with the poor Babes, and I resent this slur on his immortal memory. It is lucky for Mr. Lennard that Matilda, otherwise Maid Marian, is under the green turf she loved so well and trod so saucily, or he might find a message from her, with a grey goose-feather at the end of it, sticking in his heart. By the way, the young lady who in the pantomime takes the part of Marian has not half enough dash and vigour, and it is absurd to allow her to be bound and robbed by two poor scoundrels such as Uriah and Rufus. Marian would have been more than a match for the pair.

Perhaps this is hypercriticism, and, in gratitude for a pleasant entertainment, I ought to pass by such details, and "come to cues," to use an actor's phrase. If so, I may begin by saying that "Santa Claus" is a pleasant compound of the comic and beautiful, and, though it lasts for a prodigious number of minutes, has few dull moments. What dull

it Miss Kitty Loftus and Miss Rosie Leyton, as the Babes, Mr. Charles Lauri as Tatters, their dog, and Mr. Victor Stevens worked admirably together. I have often seen the Babes before, but never were they so gay and graceful as in the hands of these two ladies from the halls; while Tatters shows Mr. Lauri at his best.

I am not going a millimetre beyond the truth when I say that not only did Tatters cause abundance of laughter, but he also drew tears; for when the poor dog, after fighting for the babes against the murderers, lay dying, without use of articulate speech or human expression of face—since his features were masked by the dog's head—in addition to showing



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MISS KITTY LOFTUS AND MISS ROSIE LEYTON AS ERIC AND ROSAMOND.

physical pain, he suggested its sorrow at leaving its loved ones, and leaving them in such plight, with so much skill and force that handkerchiefs came into evidence.

Among the humorous players I should have mentioned Mr. Fred Emney, who was clever as the wicked uncle, and Miss Susie Vaughan, excellent as his shrewish spouse; and also Miss Clara Jecks, who was very lively as Pert the page. For the beautiful, one must turn to the music, which has been admirably arranged by Mr. Oscar Barrett.

Perhaps, however, the greatest charm of the pantomime lies in the beauty of the scenery painted by Messrs. Hawes Craven and Harry Emden, and in the lovely dresses designed by Wilhelm, the king of costume-designers. Wilhelm's work provides at times really exquisite pleasure for the eye, and as a result the ballets are charming. I might speak of the dancers, since there is a little girl, Miss Geraldine Somerset, who dances delightfully, while Mlle. Zanfretta has lost none of her charm, and Mlle. Judith Espinosa is a ballerina of curious individual charm as well as technical skill. I could write about many other matters with pleasure and praise, but my space grows short, and I must conclude by saying I recommend every child under ninety years of age to pay a visit to "Santa Claus" at the Lyceum.

MISS ANNIE SCHUBERTH.

Miss Annie Schubert, who plays Robin Hood, the principal singing boy part in the Lyceum pantomime, is not a German, as many suppose. Her parents are both English, and she was born in London. She studied music under Signor Randegger and at the Royal Academy. Miss Schubert says herself, in answer to an inquiry, "I consider I have to thank the splendid method of Signor Randegger for my success in being able to do anything I like with my voice. I can sing almost anything—soprano or contralto, florid or strictly dramatic." Miss Schubert's first engagement was with Messrs. Van Biene and Lingard. She played *prima donna* in "Falka" and "Pepita," and other operas, in the provinces for three years. Mr. Carl Rosa then engaged her, and she has played in London at the Prince of Wales's and Lyric Theatres. Asked how she liked her first appearance in pantomime, Miss Schubert said, "I think the music of 'Santa Claus' is simply perfect—quite like grand opera in places, and I like my part as Robin Hood immensely." Her splendid appearance, her fine voice, and artistic method combine to give the character the romantic interest it requires.



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MISS KITTY LOFTUS AND MISS ROSIE LEYTON AS ERIC AND ROSAMOND.

moments there are occur after the death of the babes, while the Transformation Scene is being prepared; and here some changes might be made.

Speaking of the comic first, one finds much to laugh at in Mr. Victor Stevens as Miss Evadne Newfangle. It is true that, as a hit at the supposititious "New Woman," there is little in it, if anything at all; but Mr. Stevens has the gift of being funny without touching vulgarity in presenting vain, coquettish, elderly women, and the scene when he receives four love declarations in one day is really amusing. Moreover, the children's lesson scene delighted all the little ones in the house. In

MR. OSCAR BARRETT'S PANTOMIMES.



Photo by Guy and Co., Cork.
MISS LILLIE COMYNNS, MAID MARIAN, AT THE LYCEUM.



Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand,
MISS CLARA JECKS, A PAGE, AT THE LYCEUM.



Photo by Falk, New York.
MISS NELLIE GANN, BADOURA, AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.
MISS ANNIE SCHUBERTH, ROBIN HOOD, AT THE LYCEUM.

"ROBINSON CRUSOE," AT THE GRAND.

It must have been a very rough-and-tumble life that the immortal Robinson Crusoe led during his exile on the island of Juan Fernandez. A specious librettist might put forward that as the excuse for the usually rough-and-tumble nature of the pantomime which he writes round Defoe's hero. There are indications that we are entering a new era in pantomime, in which refinement will take the place of vulgarity for grown-up folk, and simplicity in place of the elaborate burlesquing of current events for children. But the good people of Islington, to judge from their enthusiastic reception of "Robinson Crusoe" at the Grand, do not, as yet, at all events, find anything to object to in the old-fashioned order of things. When it is said that Mr. Harry Randall plays



Photo by Soper and Sedman, 147, Strand.
MISS JESSIE PRESTON, PRINCIPAL BOY AT THE GRAND THEATRE,
ISLINGTON.

the part of Mrs. Crusoe, and that he is greeted with shouts of laughter, it may be readily gathered what sort of pantomime is supplied at the Grand. Mr. Randall is extremely clever in his own way, in which he depicts on the stage a side of domesticity that is not Arcadian. Were one to mount the high house, in fact, one would describe him as picturing a pretty sordid side of life. Its absolute truthfulness, however, must be admitted, else why its hearty reception by his patrons? Miss Jessie Preston plays Robinson with a great deal of "go," introducing some of her own songs, one of them (with the refrain, "And her yellow hair was hanging down her back") rather inelegantly. Her sister, Miss Georgina, is good as Polly Perkins, the girl of Crusoe's choice. Two other parts stand out prominently—that of Will Atkins, played by Mr. Arthur Alexander, and that of the black girl, Topsy, amusingly portrayed by Miss Nellie Christie. The staging is excellent, and the chorus effective.

A DAY AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

There is a tale—I do not warrant its truth—which tells that during the terrible war in America, which is supposed by English folk to have been fought by the Northerners out of a holy desire to abolish slavery, an army of Confederates on Christmas Eve was encamped not far from a force of the so-called "Abolitionists." They had fought during the day with no decisive result, and were prepared for battle on the morrow; but a messenger came from one to the other—it doesn't matter which was the sender—suggesting that for Christmas Day there should be peace—that men all of a common stock should not kill one another on the birthday of the Prince of Peace. So they laid down their arms, and next day the neutral ground between the camps was crowded with soldiers from both armies, all offering what lay in their power as a contribution to the Christmas dinner of those with whom they had fought the day before, and were going to strive against on Boxing Day.

My reason for telling this story is that it seems to be pertinent to the Christmas attitude of the critic. At another season of the year we

would say some harsh as well as pleasant things of "The House that Jack Built," the children's pantomime at the Opéra Comique, and find fault with the management for presenting it on Christmas Eve in a barely half-finished state; moreover, the music of Mr. C. E. Howells would not escape censure. As it is, one smokes the pipe of peace—it is a pity one cannot smoke it in the theatre, for the sight of people on the stage indulging in cigarettes, and even cigars, while we sit tobaccoless is very cruel—and merely considers the pleasant side of the affair.

Seen through the cloud of smoke, Mr. H. Chance Newton's pantomime seems well calculated to please the little ones, since the tale is simple and straightforward, and some of the child players are charming. No doubt, there are old curmudgeons who do not like to see children on the stage—or off—but they may be put out of the question, and, for my part, I am content to overlook many shortcomings when I see such cleverness as that of Miss Fay Rivington as the evil fairy Fear: the pretty child, even when she took her call, presented an almost startling picture of terror. Others were clever, such as the little Misses Grattan, who danced charmingly, and Miss Marie Dainton, a handsome girl, who played with confidence and skill. Miss Gwenie Hasto was an energetic "he-villain," and little Lulu Valli's saucy courage of manner and determination of speech made her the most comic little six-year-old imaginable.

It is, perhaps, too much of anything, good or bad, to see new pieces in the afternoon and evening of one day in the same theatre, and I cannot say that the kindly Christmas feeling that carried me through "The House that Jack Built" kept up its temperature during "Eastward Ho," alias "The Black Cat," alias "The Caliph," "an operatic burlesque."

The meaning of the term, if one can accept "Eastward Ho," is clear: it comprises the large class of pieces in which commonplace music, indifferently sung, is employed to aid in the digestion of a slender farce. The work was written by Mr. C. M. Rodney, and is founded on the well-known tale of the luminous cat's-eye that gave out light in the day, but could not be detected at night till a wily person fired at it with a chalk bullet, and hit the mark. This has been rather ingeniously amplified by causing the wily sportsman to steal the precious cat's-eye, and leave the lord of the land—"the Nabob of Nowah"—raging at its loss, and determined to kill anyone of the name of the thief—"which his name was John Smith"—who came into his hands. It is almost needless to add that the chief low comedian does come into his hands, and narrowly escapes the threatened reward.

Possibly this subject in its original form was entertaining, for, according to the notices I have received, "The Black Cat" pleased the public and Press of Walsall, to say nothing of Wolverhampton.



Photo by Soper and Sedman, 147, Strand.
MISS GEORGINA PRESTON, PRINCIPAL GIRL AT THE
GRAND THEATRE, ISLINGTON.

Unfortunately, Mr. Willie Young has written it "up to date," so the programme says, but has not noticed that the present tendency of burlesque is to sanity, coherence, and even dramatic propriety.

No doubt something ought to be said concerning the performers; but the fact is that few, if any, of them stand out prominently, though there is a useful *repasseur*.

MENOTTI.

"BLUE BEARD," AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Crystal Palace pantomime is historic, for it is the germ from which the newer school of pantomime has grown, under the initiative of Mr. Oscar Barrett, at the Olympic, and latterly at the Lyceum. It is essentially a show for children, and, as such, it is always enjoyable. This year the subject is the story of Bluebeard, and Mr. Horace Lennard is once more librettist. The old story is capable of many re-tellings, and Mr. Lennard has told the tale brightly, and without making it simply a running commentary on the current events of the day. There are no dull moments in the performance, for everybody connected with it has



Photo by Hartley, Chicago.

MISS SOPHIE HARRISS.

conspired to work together to the common end of giving seasonable amusement. The scenery by Mr. J. Pritchard Barrett is admirable, the music by Mr. Oscar Barrett—in which the air of "Two Little Girls in Blue" is appropriately worked in—is tuneful, and the staging is at many points ingenious.

The acting all round is excellent. Mr. Barrett has made a discovery in Miss Sophie Harriss, who, as Selim, makes her first appearance on the English stage. Miss Harriss is certainly one of the best principal boys now appearing. She looks well—many principal boys do nothing else—she acts well, and she sings admirably. She is not an American, as has frequently been stated, but was born, of English parents, at Adelaide. She has, however, just arrived in this country from Chicago, where she has been playing with great distinction the title rôle in the spectacular extravaganza, "Aladdin, Jun." She had previously played for eight years principal parts in all the leading theatres in Australia, not only in burlesque and comic opera, but in drama. She has also toured through South Africa in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. It has always been her ambition to play in England, and with her splendid presence and fine voice she is bound to establish herself a favourite here. Her Selim is acknowledged to be one of the best performances in pantomime seen at the Crystal Palace for years.

Miss Alice Brookes, who plays Fatima, is a familiar figure in pantomime and burlesque, and she is generally acknowledged to be the best Dandini on the stage. She played the part last year in "Cinderella" at the Lyceum, and her dancing was greatly admired. But, in the opinion of many, Miss Brookes makes even a better "girl" than a "boy." Two years ago she played Alice Fitzwarren in Mr. Horace Lennard's pantomime, "Dick Whittington," produced by Mr. Oscar Barrett at the Olympic Theatre, and her success was very marked. She was taught dancing by her father, and appeared on the stage when quite a child. Her first pantomime engagement was at Wolverhampton in 1885. The following Christmas she played Dandini at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham. In 1887 she was principal boy at Glasgow, and in 1888 principal boy at the Theatre Royal, Sheffield; in 1889 principal boy at Glasgow again. Miss Brookes, who is known in private life as Mrs. Victor Stevens, has

toured extensively through the provinces in her husband's pieces, "Randolph the Reckless" and "Bonnie Boy Blue." She also appeared in "Venus" and "Orpheus and Eurydice." Her skirt-dance is one of the features of the present pantomime. She has been re-engaged by Mr. Oscar Barrett for next season.

Abdalla finds a sprightly representative in Miss Katie Barry. Like Miss Amy Farrell, who is appearing as the Fairy at the Lyceum, she is a niece of Mr. George Conquest. She was born in the old Grecian Theatre, and was first taken on to the stage as a baby in arms. She has continued to play "little" parts from that day to this, and is considered to be the best "small boy" on the stage. At the age of six she appeared as the original Arthur Sidney in "Queen's Evidence," and afterwards went on tour with Mr. Joseph Jefferson as Little Meenie in "Rip Van Winkle." She was the original Nana in "Drink," Adrienne in "Proof," and Jacques Martel in "The Crimes of Paris," and has played many other well-known child parts on the stage. She has also had a wide experience of Shaksperian parts, such as Oberon, Titania, Ariel, and Moth. Her pantomime parts have been many; she has been Hop o' My Thumb, Little Red Riding Hood, one of the Babes in the Wood, Jack the Giant-Killer, and Zoe in "Sindbad the Sailor." She has played Ganem in "The Forty Thieves" at Melbourne, and she was the Dandini of Mr. Oscar Barrett's company which played "Cinderella" in New York. She has toured through America and Australia with Mr. George Edwardes's company, and she played Shrimp the Call Boy in "In Town" at the Gaiety Theatre. Her brightness and vivacity are a great assistance to the Crystal Palace pantomime this year, and she sings a new song, "The Jolly Boys' Brigade," with great success. Her dancing is clever.

OTHER PANTOMIMES.

It is only a few weeks since the Théâtre Métropole at Camberwell was opened, but already the undertaking is sailing in smooth waters, and the highest hopes of the proprietor and manager, Mr. J. B. Mulholland, as to the soundness of the speculation from a financial point of view, have been fully justified. From the first night crowded houses have been the rule, and the enterprise of the proprietor in providing his patrons with what is probably the first pantomime devoted to Camberwell and district has not



MISS ALICE BROOKES.

gone without its reward. In conjunction with Mr. St. John Denton, he has produced "Cinderella." The whole performance has proved such a success that Mr. Mulholland will be still further strengthened in his determination to place nothing but the best pieces attainable before his audiences.

Down at Morton's Theatre, Greenwich, "Blue Beard" occupies the boards. If somewhat robust in character, it finds favour with an enthusiastic clientèle.

SOME OF THE PEOPLE IN "SANTA CLAUS."

MISS KITTY LOFTUS AND MISS ROSIE LEYTON.

Miss Loftus and Miss Leyton, who play the parts of brother and sister (Eric and Rosamond) on the stage, are sisters in real life; they are not related to anyone on the stage bearing a similar name. Their characters in "Santa Claus" are so intimately associated that we cannot divide them. Had Mr. Horace Lennard's pantomime been on old conventional lines, Eric would probably have ranked as "principal boy," and Rosamond as "principal girl," but, as it is, they are invariably spoken of as "the children," and they have sometimes been called the "Heavenly Twins." Their grandfather was an actor of the old school, and to him they owe their early dramatic education. Kitty says that she was nurtured on Shakespeare, and as a child had to recite blank verse by the yard. When only fifteen years old she was called upon suddenly to play the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," and she did it to the complete satisfaction of the management. Puck in "The Midsummer Night's Dream" is the part in which she has made her biggest hit. She had to play it in the first instance without any proper rehearsal at Edinburgh; but she was perfect in the part, and gave a most poetic interpretation. She has played light comedy as well as burlesque and pantomime. Last Christmas she had a "Pantomime-Puck" part specially provided for her in the Crystal Palace pantomime, "Jack and the Beanstalk"; this was Scarlet Runner, a merry little elf who was the *deus ex machina* of the pantomime. Miss Loftus made a great success in the provinces as the original Phyllis in "The Lady Slavey." Miss Rosie Leyton has played in three Crystal Palace pantomimes; she has also played Miss Maud Millett's part in "Liberty Hall," Belinda in "Our Boys," Rose Colombier in "The Arabian Nights," Nan in "Good for Nothing," Iris in "On 'Change," and Maria in "Confusion." The two sisters are bright little actresses and excellent dancers.

MISS CLARA JECKS.

Miss Clara Jecks' name and professional reputation is principally associated with the Adelphi Theatre, where her father, Mr. Charles Jecks, was for many years business manager. Like many other prominent actresses, Miss Jecks made her first appearance on the stage in pantomime, playing with the Vokes Family as The Spirit of the Lamp in "Aladdin." After gaining valuable experience with Mr. Barry Sullivan, and at Drury Lane Theatre, in legitimate drama, she joined the Adelphi, then under Mr. Chatterton's management, where she made her first big success as young Lord Eden, the coxswain of the Oxford crew, in "Formosa." She made such a distinct hit on the first night that Mr. Chatterton at once doubled her salary. When Miss Jecks recently astonished the town with her hornpipe as the boy in "A Trip to Chinatown," she awoke many pleasant memories of her Lord Eden and her Middy in "The Middy Ashore." This year she has another boy part at the Lyceum that suits her admirably, and so well does she act, sing, and dance, that it is almost a pity she has not more to do. During her first engagement at the Adelphi, Miss Jecks played, besides Lord Eden, a round of parts in standard dramas and farces, and when the engagement terminated, she went on tour with her mother, Miss Harriet Coveneys, in "The Sorcerer." Returning to the Adelphi, she played François in "Richelieu," Josephs in "Never Too Late to Mend," Tilda in "Nicholas Nickleby," and another favourite character, Sam Willoughby. When the Adelphi season was over, Miss Jecks migrated to Covent Garden to play Princess Pansy in the pantomime. She was not long, however, absent from her theatrical home, the Adelphi, where she next played Dan in "The Streets of London," with Mr. Charles Warner as Badger. Later on she appeared in Charles Reade's "Love and Money," succeeding Miss Sophie Eyre in the comedy part. She next appeared at the Globe, scoring a big success as Starlight Bess in "The Flowers of the Forest." She afterwards joined the Gaiety as understudy to Miss Farren, and playing many of her parts. Returning once more to the Adelphi, she scored a series of successes in "The Harbour Lights," "The Bells of Haslemere," "The Union Jack," "The Silver Falls," "London Day by Day," "The English Rose," and "The Black Domino." Last Christmas she was specially engaged by Mr. Oscar Barrett to play the Baroness Pumpolini in "Cinderella," at the Lyceum, and in this she achieved a distinct success. Her versatility is remarkable. She is always equal to the occasion, whether called upon to play in comedy, drama, farce, or pantomime. We believe she has even appeared in high tragedy. During her career she has played over two hundred parts, but in none has she given more delight than as Pert, the bright, amusing little page-boy at Grimsacre Hall.

MISS AMY FARRELL.

Miss Amy Farrell is a niece of Mr. George Conquest, and made her first appearance on the stage in a pantomime at the Surrey Theatre, where she played Fairy Queen. She had previously been a student at the Guildhall School of Music, and she is still studying singing under Madame Rose Hersee. After gaining considerable dramatic experience at her uncle's theatre, where she played many leading parts, including Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons" and Esther in "Caste," she was engaged by Mr. D'Oyly Carte to sustain the character of Cynthia in "The Vicar of Bray," when that opera was revived at the Savoy Theatre. She achieved a distinct success in the part, and attracted the attention of Mr. Oscar Barrett, who engaged her to play the Spirit of the Bells, the principal singing part in the pantomime "Dick Whittington," which he was preparing to produce at the Olympic Theatre. The following year

she went to the Crystal Palace, and appeared with great success as the Queen of Joy in Mr. Horace Lennard's pantomime, "Jack and the Beanstalk." This year she plays Queen Mab in "Santa Claus" at the Lyceum, and shares with Mr. William Rignold the honours of the Fairy scenes. She has a remarkably sweet voice and is a very graceful dancer.

MISS LILLIE COMYNNS.

With a sweet voice, a winsome face, and a *petite* figure, Miss Lillie Comynns makes a charming Maid Marian. This is the most important part she has yet played, and it is natural, therefore, that she should be somewhat nervous on the first night; but this has now worn off, and every afternoon she wins the applause of Lyceum audiences. Miss Comynns tells a representative of *The Sketch* that her first appearance on the stage was as one of a crowd of children who had to cry "Hurrah!" She hurrahed so intelligently that the management gave her more to do, and soon afterwards she was engaged to play the part of Minestra in Messrs. Gilbert and Cellier's opera, "The Mountebanks," at the Lyric Theatre. On the withdrawal of that piece she joined Mr. Horace Lingard's company, and played the principal singing parts in "Falka," "Pepita," and other operas. Her last engagement before joining Mr. Oscar Barrett's company was as Rose Brierly in "A Gaiety Girl."

MISS SUSIE VAUGHAN.

Miss Susie Vaughan understands the art of pantomime, and though this year she has not such a good part as the Fairy Godmother, in which she made such a hit at the Lyceum last Christmas, she is very amusing as the self-assertive but kind-hearted Lady Gay. Miss Vaughan, after a wide experience in minor parts, made her first success in the West End as Miss Primm in "Nita's First." She was at once hailed as one of the best "old women" on the stage, and for some time she appeared only in character parts; but later on she essayed bright comedy, playing a round of parts, such as are usually associated with the name of



Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.
MISS SUSIE VAUGHAN, LADY GAY GRIMSHAW.

Mrs. John Wood, in "The Paper-Chase," "The Solicitor," "The Balloon," "The Barrister," &c. Then she joined Mr. Willie Edouin at the Strand Theatre, where, on one occasion, she was called upon at an hour's notice, and without rehearsal, to undertake the burlesque of Mrs. Bernard Beere in Mr. Burnand's travesty, "Airey Annie." Her remarkable success was the talk of theatrical London. She made her appearance in pantomime as the Prince in Mr. Horace Lennard's version of "Cinderella," produced about five years ago at the Crystal Palace. The next year she played Abinazac, the magician, in "Aladdin," and this, we believe, is the only time that the part has been played by a woman. Then, again at the Crystal Palace, she appeared as the Emperor of Morocco in "Dick Whittington." Last year she was the Fairy Godmother in the pantomime at the Lyceum, and this year her part is more on the lines of the aristocratic old women which she has so often represented in comedy. She makes the most of her few opportunities, and might with advantage be given more dancing to do.

"HANSEL UND GRETEL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

For a long time past our musicians and amateurs of music have been haunted by the name of Humperdinck. modern work the people "in the know"—pardon a common phrase, the result of pantomime season—said, "What about Humperdinck?" Moreover, when the noisy modern Italian operas became the rage, the learned said scornfully, "Yes; you make a fuss of this Macaroni "storm and stress," but there's Humperdinck to be reckoned with." It became a vexation—a grievance. The strangeness of the name, the mystery of the matter, the much one heard about and the little of him, led one to feel that the whole affair was a myth—a joke, such as Zangwill gave in his comic tale, "The English Shakespeare" in "The Old Maids' Club."

Rumour became strong when "Hansel und Gretel" had a real run in German, and definite evidence was offered to us of Humperdinck's existence at this year's Symphony Concerts. It was last week, however, that we came to know him really, and to love him. For, whatever may be his place among the immortals, the man with the heavy name is a great musician. He has taken a simple fairytale as subject. Everyone remembers how Hansel and Gretel were lost in a forest, and came to a house built of "sugar and spice and all that's nice, and that's what little girls are made of," owned by a child-eating witch, who wanted to fatten them up and feed on them, but got pushed into her own oven and baked to death. This slender theme by the magic of his art becomes the libretto of the great opera—which sounds absurd.

"Where is the simplicity of treatment demanded by such a childlike subject?" ask the critics, and the answer, fortunately, is "Not here." Humperdinck is a kind of musical George Meredith—a writer in whom the manner outweighs the matter—a kind of Jean Paul who

Whenever you criticised a

nor left, but we can hardly expect men of genius to adopt our methods, and are rash if we try to copy theirs.

Whatever you may say of disproportion of style and subject, of recklessness of tone, &c., if you have any taste for music, any idea of the humour of music, any gift for seeing the quality of ingenious treatment, you will find great pleasure in "Hansel und Gretel," and promptly determine, as I did, to pay a second visit as soon as possible. It is not a work for little children, let that be understood, but for big children; and lucky are they who hear and can appreciate it. Little Mdlle. Jeanne Douste and Miss Marie Elba were charming as Gretel and Hansel, the children who get lost, while Mr. Copland sang excellently as their father. Miss Jessie Hudleston was delightful in a small part as Dawn Fairy, and Miss Edith Miller was successful as the Witch, if hardly strong enough in style. Miss Jessie Hudleston was trained at the Guildhall School of Music, her teacher of singing being Mr. Hermann Klein. She has had several opportunities of attracting public favour as a vocalist, as her pleasing voice has been heard repeatedly at the Crystal Palace, the Guildhall, and St. James's Hall, where she made a success at the Popular Concerts. She has appeared more than once at the Albert Hall, and to sing for the Royal Choral Society, under Sir Joseph Barnby's baton, is in itself a high testimony to ability. Miss Edith Miller has had considerable experience in opera, having won much popularity in the provinces on various tours.



"Brother, come and dance with me."

Miss Nellie Gann, who is playing Badoura at the Crystal Palace, studied singing at the Royal Academy of Music, and made her first appearance on the stage in "Cinderella" at the Lyceum last Christmas. She went with Mr. Oscar Barrett's company to New York and understudied Miss Ellaline Terriss in the title-part. While in America her singing and dancing



"Work again? It doesn't suit me; dancing is jollier far!"



"Tasting? Aren't you ashamed?"

has volumes to say worth listening to about the simplest matter and does not care whether it is difficult for you to follow his fanciful form of tale-telling or not. Of course, that is not the way in which you or I would tell fairy stories; we should go straight along, turning neither to right

attracted attention, and at the conclusion of the pantomime she was engaged by the Hanlon Brothers to appear in their spectacular play, "Fantasma." She has lately returned from America to fulfil her present engagement at the Crystal Palace.

"DICK WHITTINGTON," AT DRURY LANE.

I have not a ha'porth of hesitation in saying that "Dick Whittington" is the best Drury Lane pantomime that I have ever seen. Now, to any amateur playgoer present on the first night this must seem a surprising statement; however, I repeat it. For it is only the professional playgoer who, on Boxing Night, can tell the real quality of the entertainment; he alone is able to make the discounts and allowances. You, dear Madame, may complain that at times the tale stopped as long as a pirate 'bus, that there was a drunken scene tolerable for two minutes, intolerable for ten, and that from time to time there was an impromptu air about the



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MR. DAN LENO.

entertainment. It is true that there was; but the truth is that, in accordance with tradition, the pantomime was presented in an unfinished state.

That drunken scene was due, doubtless, to the fact that the complicated set behind was not ready. "Go on and be funny for ten minutes" is the kind of instruction that the performers get, and I am bound to say I should not like to face that awful Drury Lane Boxing Night audience upon such instructions. Possibly one reason for the employment of music-hall artistes is the fact that they are more accustomed than the legitimates to face a house alone and gag. By the time that these lines appear the scene-shifting will be done in half the time and the matters of which we complain will have quite disappeared.

The truth is that "Dick Whittington" shows a change of policy. For some time Drury Lane pantomime has been on the wrong track, and "Robinson Crusoe" showed the limit of error. Doubtless, the uncharitable will suggest that Sir Augustus Harris is indebted to Mr. Oscar Barrett and the Lyceum pantomime for showing him the true path. There may be some truth in this, but all the greater, then, the credit due to Sir Druryianus for seeing the error of his ways and "reforming it altogether." Pantomime should tend to poetry was the idea underlying the ever-memorable "Cinderella," and the popular sheriff has grasped and used the idea.

In order to carry out the new policy the book has been put into new hands. Mr. Cecil Raleigh was engaged to write the lively dialogue, Mr. Henry Hamilton to provide the poetry and the sentimental scenes, while there was Sir Augustus Harris to suggest business and aid in construction; and this trio, to whose work is due the successful melodrama, "The Derby Winner," have done their work excellently. The book is lively, gives occasions for capital comic scenes, and even offers to charming Miss Ada Blanche, as Dick, and graceful Miss Melrose, as Alice, opportunity of showing that they can play a tender passage with some prettiness and grace.

Luckily, too, Mr. J. M. Glover has worked as ably at the music as the trio at the book. His original music is full of swing and life, and some of the ballet measures, particularly a "Grande valse lente" in A sharp, have real charm. Moreover there are some musical jokes of ingenuity; indeed, I laughed off several waistcoat-buttons when that wearisome

intermezzo from "Cavalleria" was degraded or raised to service ingeniously as a hornpipe. The collection of tunes in his olla podrida of popular airs has been cleverly contrived.

What about the spectacles? They are trying to one who has a colourless pen. How can one find adjectives for the description of the hundreds of pretty girls in delightful Chinese dresses that jewel the garden of the Palace of the Mongolian monarch? Even the Century Dictionary does not contain words enough. As they came on, nearly all in tender colours and lovely stuffs, and I thought of the thousands of homes in Brixton, Balham, Tooting, and Woolwich whose American-cloth covered sofas might be rendered beautiful by the embroideries, my heart leaped within me—the more easily, perhaps, because of the accident to my waistcoat-buttons that I have mentioned. Perhaps the electric lights, that are used on a gorgeous scale, somewhat thin and dilute the colour-effects, yet the result, even when the two orchestras peal defiantly, and the blaze of ten thousand incandescents is on the stage, is one of wonderful gorgeousness and real beauty.

I might talk, too, for a column about the prettiness of the Highgate Hill scene and the ballet of field-flowers, whose colours came together as harmoniously as if arranged by the careless art of Nature. Much might be written of the ship scene, whose effect was rendered poetical by the excellent singing of Mr. Percy Mordy, who sang "A Silvery Night" with a pretty voice. There remains the great Lord Mayor's Procession, rendered perhaps a little too realistic by the employment of several bands at once.

The performers were a wonderful collection, and half the little boys of London will be desperately in love by Easter with Miss Marie Montrose, the pretty Alice, who sang sweetly, danced neatly, and acted gracefully; or with Ada Blanche, brightest and best of pantomime boys; or Miss Madge Lucas, a Rat King who made one long for a trap in which to catch and keep her; or Miss Eva Westlake, the dashing Cat King; or Miss Lily Harold, the handsome Chinese Prince; or Miss K. Dudley, the dashing Captain of the Sea-gull; or Miss Dorothy Wood, who, at short notice, proved herself clever and charming as the Chinese Princess; or pretty Miss Morris, the Fairy Snowdrop. For my part, I am already in love with all of them.

Perhaps I am not exactly in love with Mr. Herbert Campbell, as Eliza the Cook, but I should like to hear his admirable comic singing again, and watch his droll humours; while Mr. Dan Leno delighted me by his lively work—though there was a little too much of it—and his wonderful



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MISS LILY HAROLD.

dancing. Moreover, Mr. Spry was funny as the elderly Alderman, though some of his business might be cut. I must, too, say a word in praise of the Griffiths Brothers, as the famous Cat and the Mate of the Sea-gull. However, I should like to write in praise of many other things in the pantomime, but I must not fill *The Sketch* with eulogy upon "Dick Whittington," though it would not be difficult to do so truthfully. It is a pantomime which will give joy to thousands whose criticism is more unsophisticated than that of the ordinary playgoer, and whose delight will be proportionately unbounded. It is for the multitude that pantomime exists, and the multitude is a very appreciative audience.

MISS ADA BLANCHE, PRINCIPAL BOY AT DRURY LANE.

Photographs by Hana, Strand.

THE LYCEUM PANTOMIME.

MR. OSCAR BARRETT, ITS PRODUCER.

To the interviewer Mr. Oscar Barrett is almost as unapproachable as the Llama of Thibet or the South Pole. He is at all times a man of extreme reticence and unconquerable modesty, and at Christmas-time he is furthermore so enormously busy that he can spare no time to talk about himself.

"Very sorry. Mr. Barrett is busy. You cannot see Mr. Barrett. Mr. Barrett cannot see you. Mr. Barrett can see no one. Mr. Barrett is in the middle of a rehearsal. Mr. Barrett is scoring the ballet music and cannot be disturbed. Mr. Barrett is shut up with Mr. Lennard. Mr. Barrett is in the paint-room. Mr. Barrett is with the costumier.



Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.

MR. OSCAR BARRETT.

Mr. Barrett is at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Barrett is at Birmingham. Mr. Barrett will not be disengaged until the middle of next summer." So says the stage-door keeper at the Lyceum; so says Mr. Hurst; so says Mr. Bram Stoker. Everyone is courteous, but everyone is firm.

So am I. *The Sketch* has commissioned me to interview Mr. Barrett, and I am determined not to be baulked by difficulties. A compromise is ultimately arrived at. I am permitted to enter the theatre and watch Mr. Barrett at work on the condition that I make no attempt to speak to him. I give the required promise, and am soon absorbed in watching the restless, active figure, which appears to be at every corner of the stage at the same moment, showing everyone what to do and how to do it.

"Don't hold your wands as if you were pig-sticking," he is saying to a group of young ladies, who are evidently destined to represent fairies at night. "Hold them like this, lightly and gracefully." Then to another, "There will be no room for you to pass there; come round this way, and take your position here."

Mr. Oscar Barrett is a tall, thin man of forty-eight, but he does not look his years. When his face lights up as it does at rehearsal, especially when he is conducting music, you might take him to be little over thirty. He has retained the enthusiasm and animation of youth.

Among the gentlemen watching the proceedings on the stage, I have pointed out to me Mr. Henry Emden and Mr. Hawes Craven, the scenic artists; Mr. Niblett, who is responsible for the electric effects in "Santa Claus"; Mr. James Weaver, the director of the orchestra; Mr. Hawley, the *régisseur*, and Mr. Horace Lennard, the author of this and the Crystal Palace pantomimes. To Mr. Lennard I appeal for information, and I soon find that I could not have gone to a better source, for he would never tire of talking of the many fine qualities of the musician and stage-manager with whom he has so frequently collaborated. From Mr. Lennard I learn that Mr. Oscar Barrett, although chiefly known to younger playgoers as a "producer" and manager, won his spurs in the theatre orchestra. It is over thirty years since he first took his place among the "band" in a provincial theatre, and to the provinces he pinned his faith for a few years, finally settling in London in 1870. The Grecian Theatre was the scene of his first exploits, and it was there that he enjoyed the eagerly

grasped opportunities of wedging music to action in a manner that had never been done before. The pantomimes produced by Mr. George Conquest, and "set to music" by Mr. Oscar Barrett, were soon talked about. People who could discern were not slow in acknowledging that there was more in the young conductor at the Grecian than is generally to be found in the everyday occupant of the orchestral chair. He was not content with stringing together a few popular tunes of the day and advertising the result as an "overture"; Mr. Barrett scored his overtures as only a born composer could do, utilising, it is true, the airs that had caught the public ear, but so deftly that they were never allowed to assert themselves with the arrogance of the "predominant partner." While still at the Grecian, Mr. Barrett attracted the notice of Mr. August Manns, who gave him the post of sub-conductor of the famous Crystal Palace Orchestra. Soon afterwards he undertook the dramatic arrangements for the Palace, and his name has been intimately associated with the Sydenham establishment from that day to this.

For the space of nine years Mr. Barrett has had sole charge of dramatic affairs at the Crystal Palace, and has produced a series of Christmas pantomimes that have raised his name to the highest position in this difficult department of art.

He has handled almost every subject drawn from fairy fable and legendary lore, and his "Midsummer Night's Dream" ballet was the delight of thousands a few summers ago.

Two years ago he commenced his direct attack upon London at the Olympic, where he produced "Whittington and His Cat," and even at that unfortunate house the pantomime achieved a success, and its "Blue Ballet" is still often spoken of. The triumphs of "Cinderella" at the Lyceum last Christmas are in everyone's memory. Mr. Barrett has since taken "Cinderella" to New York, and this Christmas the pantomime in its entirety, and with all its gorgeous dresses and beautiful effects, is to be reproduced at the Grand Theatre, Birmingham. At the Crystal Palace "Blue Beard" is the subject this Christmas, and at the Lyceum "Santa Claus" is to eclipse everything we have had.

I have seen many rehearsals in my time, but never any like Mr. Barrett's. He seems to know every word and every note of the pantomime by heart. There is no hesitation, no delay. How he can produce these big pantomimes in a fortnight seems miraculous. Many a little opera requires six weeks' rehearsal. "It is the system," explains Mr. Lennard, "and having everything cut and dried before starting."

"Does he ever rest?" I asked, as I watched his wonderful energy and listened to the voice that is never long silent, expecting it to break down every moment under the strain.

"Oh, yes; and out of business he is the firmest of friends and the most delightful of companions. He lives at Forest Hill, but also has a house at St. Margaret's Bay, and here is the place to see him, romping with his boys, or letting off rockets on a regatta night. He is devoted to his family. He has no voice, never smokes, is abstemious in all things, and is simple and childlike in his recreations. He plays chess, whist, and poker. That is his nearest approach to gambling, if we except a speculation like the production of three big pantomimes, entailing the risk of about £50,000. This year nearly two thousand dresses are worn in his pantomimes, and sixteen hundred pairs of shoes are required. Most of the dresses will cost from twenty pounds upwards."

"But how does he manage it all?"

"You had better ask his wife—she is the only person in the world who can tell you. Here she comes; shall I introduce you?"

What Mrs. Oscar Barrett told me especially about theatrical dresses I must defer till another time.

E. F.

MR. HORACE LENNARD, ITS LIBRETTIST.

I found Mr. Horace Lennard (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) in the charming old-fashioned business-room, of which he is temporary tenant, at the Lyceum Theatre. He who would aspire to write a pantomime "book" must, it seems, be a universal genius. Mr. Lennard has been a brilliant journalist—his work in that direction comprising a special correspondentship in Paris—and a successful writer of such burlesques as "Delights of London," "Lalla Rookh," "Too Lovely Black-Eyed Susan," and "Cupid and Co.," but if we except his pantomime work, he is best known as a charming writer for children. It was he who started, and successfully edited for two years, the Children's Page in the *Lady's Pictorial*, and his dainty book of verses, "Carols of Cradle Land," is one of the Queen's favourite Christmas presents to her grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

During the last eight or nine years, of Mr. Lennard's making of pantomimes there has been literally no end. His first work of the kind took the form of writing several songs for introduction into the Drury Lane pantomime of 1882-3. The following year he was asked by Augustus Harris to write a "book" of "Blue Beard," simultaneously produced at the Crystal Palace and Glasgow. Since then he has signed his name to fifteen pantomimes, and this Christmas he provides the Lyceum with "Santa Claus" and the Crystal Palace with "Blue Beard," while at the Grand Theatre, Birmingham, is being produced his "Cinderella," which proved so great a success when produced by Mr. Oscar Barrett in London last year.

Plunging at once in *media res*, I asked Mr. Lennard to kindly inform me as to how to write a pantomime, and how long it takes to execute that *tour de force*.

MISS MARIE MONTROSE, PRINCIPAL GIRL AT DRURY LANE.

Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

"It is almost impossible to answer such questions," he declared, smiling. "I wrote 'Blue Beard'—my Crystal Palace pantomime—in a fortnight; but then, you see, I was not hampered by any restrictions; that makes all the difference. As for 'Santa Claus,' it would be difficult to describe the many stages it went through before Mr. Oscar Barrett and myself evolved the piece as it now stands out of our inner consciousness. I should tell you that I am only responsible for the 'book.' Mr. Barrett composes and arranges all the music, and there is scarce a detail that we do not discuss together; in fact, when we are thinking of doing a pantomime I simply become Mr. Barrett's guest for the time being, and we spend the whole of our time over the matter in hand. I need hardly tell you how essential it is that collaborators in pantomime work should be to all intents and purposes one person. It is as difficult to divide the labour as it is to divide the honours of authorship."

"Do you prefer to work up a well-known fairy-tale or to invent an entirely new story?"

"Personally, I should like to write something fresh, but managers prefer some familiar old fairy-tale. The result is safer from a business point of view. Of course, the pantomimic value of fairy-tales greatly differs, the best story to work up being undoubtedly that of 'Cinderella.'"

"I suppose 'Santa Claus' will contain a great deal of new matter?"

"No, not so much as you may think. We might have chosen as alternative title 'The Babes in the Wood,' for an old legend connects Santa Claus with that story, but we chose the title we did in order to strike upon something a little newer and more up to date than usual—not but what we have tried to make our pantomime old-fashioned in the best sense of the word. There will be nothing of the variety element in 'Santa Claus.' I want my 'book' to appeal especially to children, and it is my experience that what delights a child will generally please the 'grown-ups' as well, and better. Then, again, as run a couple of lines in 'Santa Claus'—

We don't want men and women cheap and new;
Give us the old and good, the tried and true."

"Do you consider that the modern pantomime is less pervaded by the music-hall element than it once was?"

"Yes, there is no doubt that it is. Not but what there is a time and place for variety shows. Still, excellent as music-hall entertainments undoubtedly are, they are out of place in a performance which is supposed to especially appeal to children and young people." As for me, I frankly admit that Mr. Barrett and myself try to banish entirely the variety element from our pantomimes. I should tell you that till this year we generally worked a number of popular tunes into our show, but I always altered the words to suit our audiences, doing away with anything dealing with drunkenness and kindred subjects treated in a jocular way. I think we were successful, and our work did not suffer, for the Press—notably, the *Daily Telegraph*—declared, on seeing the second pantomime I wrote, that a new era had dawned in that kind of entertainment. I ought to tell you," continued Mr. Lennard, "that this year Mr. Oscar Barrett has made but little use of popular airs; nearly the whole score is original."

"Have your innovations gone so far as to induce you to give up writing your 'book' in rhyme?"

"Yes and no. In the fairy scenes and the narrative which holds together the story I have been obliged to remain faithful to rhyme form, but in everything else, including, of course, the comedy scenes, I have replaced it by prose, with, I think, advantage, for the effect produced is less stilted, and prose gives more scope for the comedian's art. I have also, you may be glad to hear," he added, laughing, "avoided puns, but I, of course, welcome with joy any natural play upon words. The old-fashioned transformation scene is conspicuous by its absence; in its place we substitute an epilogue, and four scenes which will give an opportunity for the display of some very beautiful costumes and scenery."

"Now, Mr. Lennard, as to the vexed question of children performers taking part in pantomimes. What do you say?"

"I entirely approve of it," he returned emphatically; "I believe that the influence on the children is really good. With the one exception of Miss Geraldine Somerset—the daughter, you know, of the well-known actor—Mr. Barrett is this year employing no young people under eleven years of age, for the regulation obliging a manager to take out a licence for every child employed has made it too great a worry to have a

number of small children performing in a pantomime. Some years ago, at the Palace, we had a large number of children, and Mr. Barrett was obliged to have a School Board teacher for them, to give them lessons every day, in addition to all his other trouble and expense."

"As to the good effect on the children," he continued, after a slight pause, "the mere fact of their having to bow to discipline is excellent, and then, strange as it may seem to you, it certainly teaches them cleanliness. When the poor little things first turned up at the Palace, Mrs. Barrett was so horrified at the condition of some of them that she would not allow them to put on the stage clothes until they had had a good bath. One might think that this would be of very temporary benefit, but, towards the end of the run, a child would often go to her, and say, 'I am clean now, Mrs. Barrett; I had a bath *at home* this morning!' Then they are, of course, taught obedience, and are put into the way of earning, by dint of hard work conscientiously performed, their own living. I am, and have always been, in favour of child performers."

"Do you think them as satisfactory as their elders, from an artistic point of view?"

He hesitated. "A child's voice is seldom strong enough to fill a theatre, and, when it is, there is an unpleasant air of preciousness about the little performer. Where children come out to great advantage is in dancing and dumb shows. We have here a number of Katti Lanner's pupils, and they are extremely graceful and well-taught."

"I suppose you spend most of your spare evenings in going to see other people's pantomimes performed?"

"No, indeed!" he cried vigorously. "I make a point of never seeing any but my own. I am too afraid of unconscious plagiarism. I should tell you that my favourite book as a child was Charles Kingsley's 'Water Babies,' and when I was writing a child's story to order, some years ago, I found to my surprise and horror that I was all unwittingly 'Water Babying' my work."

"You have always, I believe, Mr. Lennard, been devoted to children?"

"Yes; I always thoroughly enjoy writing for them, and, as far as possible, I try never to forget who I am working for; yet, I need not tell you how critical are little folks. They are especially severe dramatic critics, too; they do not care for a pantomime unless there is a good story in it—spectacular effects, however fine, do not blind them to what is underneath. People make a great mistake when they write namby-pamby stuff for young people. It is my constant endeavour to avoid that fault."

"I suppose your pantomime work prevents your going on with ordinary writing?"

"Not so much as you might think; I have a new volume of original fairy-tales coming out next spring. Of course, there is no greater delusion than

to imagine that a fortune can be amassed by writing pantomime 'books.' It is really the most unremunerative of all dramatic work. Out of a burlesque or comic opera in two acts an author may make many thousands of pounds. A pantomime often entails much more labour, but the reward can never be so great. I am more than satisfied with the liberal manner in which I am treated by Mr. Barrett, but, as a rule, the manager can only afford to give a comparatively small sum to the pantomime author—the other expenses are so heavy; also, there can never be a long-enough run to get great profits, however successful the piece may be. In old days authors contented themselves with writing one 'book,' and then letting it out year after year, here, there, and everywhere. This is one reason why the art of pantomime was brought so low, and why so many really splendid workers in this field of dramatic work died poor. I need hardly quote to you E. L. Blanchard, the author of more than a hundred pantomimes, Charles Millward and Frank Green, to prove the truth of what I say. I have often refused offers to write 'books' for provincial managers, because I would not then be able to supervise the production of my work. Mr. Oscar Barrett has splendid taste, and I could not work with anyone as I do with him; for instance, he never allows irrelevant 'gag,' and every detail of his productions is carried out with most scrupulous care, and with a view to the *tout ensemble*. You know Henry Emden and Hawes Craven have painted our scenery, and, to give you some idea of the way in which everything has been done, I may tell you that some of the clothes worn by the supers in 'Santa Claus' have cost £60 a suit!"



MR. HORACE LENNARD.

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MISS ALICE DOUGLAS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

EARLY LONDON THEATRES.*

If I were a Londoner by birth—which, I regret to say, I am not—I should be inordinately proud of the “Surrey side,” and particularly of that part of it which contains St. Saviour’s Church and its immediate surroundings. From London Bridge to Blackfriars Bridge the place is full of glorious suggestions. Here stood the Rose Playhouse, the property

Kemps nine daies vvonder

Performed in a daunce from
London to Norwich.

Containing the pleasure, paines and kinde entertainment
of William Kemp betweene London and that City
in his late Mortece.

Wherein is somewhat set downeworth note; to reprooue
the slauders spred of him: manythings merry,
nothing hurtfull.

Written by himselfe to satisfie his friends.



LONDON
Printed by E. A. for Nicholas Ling, and are to be
solde at his shop at the westdoore of Saint
Paules Church. 1600.

From “Early London Theatres.”

of that old money-lender whose name is famous as surely never was money-lender’s name since the world was—Philip Henslowe—who, during his career of theatrical management, had for his regular playwrights Marlowe and Greene, Peele and Nash; who had for “leading man” the famous Edward Alleyne, beloved of all good Dulwich boys; and who numbered, among the minor members of his company, one William Shakspere, who was, in later years, to win some little fame. Near the Rose stood a bear-garden, afterwards converted into a theatre called the Hope, where was originally produced Ben Jonson’s “Bartholomew Fair,” in which the poet refers to the previous use of the theatre, saying that it was “as dirty as Smithfield, and as stinking every whit.” Near the spot where Blackfriars Bridge now touches the Surrey side stood the Swan, a theatre whose interest lies less in the plays which were produced in it than in the fact that it is the only Elizabethan theatre of which we have a picture showing the interior arrangements. This print, which was published in a pamphlet by Dr. Gaedertz in 1888, is reproduced by Mr. Ordish, with, unless I misunderstand his intention, a slight caution against too implicit acceptance of its authority. But greater than all the others was the Globe, for ever famous for its special identification with Shakspere. And, more than all this, on the Bankside the players lived, and in the consecrated ground of St. Saviour’s some of them sleep.

With such fascinating ground to work on, Mr. Ordish’s book ought to be a rich treat to all lovers of the stage, and even to all lovers of

literature; but to me, at least, the effect of it is, on the whole, disappointing. Perhaps it is too full of hard fact, but I cannot think that that is the only reason. It is somewhat dull, I confess, but not more so than becomes a work which deals, after all, with facts which are, in themselves, apt to be prosaic. There is a certain amount of dulness which is not unseemly in an historical work, or unfitting to the dignity of history, and Mr. Ordish has not exceeded the proper allowance. How is it, then, that the book is not more stimulating? For myself, I must confess that, after careful study of Mr. Ordish’s facts, I seem no nearer to Shakspere, no more clear as to anything relating to our great poet or his works. And yet I have assimilated quite a heap of facts which are undoubtedly both interesting and valuable. Why should they leave me thus unfilled? And the only answer I can suggest is that our great dramatist—if I may be allowed to use an expression which sounds absurd, and yet exactly conveys my meaning—does not lend himself to historical treatment. His plays, whether they were written by himself, by Bacon, or by a limited liability company, are his history. So long as we have “Hamlet,” “Macbeth,” “Othello,” what matters it whether the Swan Theatre was built of wood or of stone, or whether there was a theatre at Newington Butts or not? To speak truly, a book laboriously constructed of small facts, which are slowly built together, is not the best tribute to a great poet, even if it ultimately leads us to conclusions of some importance regarding the history of the time or the surrounding facts of the period. Unless the discoveries made have a very direct influence on our understanding of the poet and his works, our labour is in vain. With an actor, it is very different. There personality is everything. His work is gone; no visible proof of its worth remains; a few vague descriptions, a few impressions, whose vividness or truthfulness we have no means of estimating, are the only records of the player’s greatness. Naturally, we hunger after everything that will reveal to us, no matter how cloudily, the personal peculiarities, the mental gifts, the influences which helped to form a Betterton, a Garrick, or a Kean. But it is different with Shakspere the dramatist. His work is with us, so colossal and overwhelming that the person of the writer is scarcely ever in our thoughts. A certain mild interest of an antiquarian nature attaches to his person and history; but to most of us it is a matter of profound indifference whether Shakspere was one man or many men, whether he was a philosopher or a player, whether he was a fact or merely a cipher.

But, in confessing that Mr. Ordish does not bring me appreciably nearer to Shakspere, I must not be understood to undervalue the admirable quality of the work which he has done. His book is a mine of facts. He deals first with The Theatre, the first regular playhouse built in London, which was situated in Shoreditch. He gives the history of the land on which it stood; he traces the legal difficulties connected with its existence; he describes the style of the building and the cost of it. In like manner he treats the Curtain Playhouse, which was also situated in Shoreditch, and is probably more notable than The Theatre, for Shakspere was connected with it, and it is at least likely that “Romeo and Juliet” was originally produced there. In it, too, Ben Jonson’s “Every Man in His Humour” is traditionally stated to have been first played, the comedy having been accepted through the good offices of Shakspere himself. Crossing the river, Mr. Ordish next gives an account of Southwark and the liberty of the Clink; enters learnedly into the history of the bull-baiting and bear-baiting amphitheatres which are shown in Ralph Aggas’s plan of 1560; discusses a probable theatre at Newington Butts; and then tells the story of the Rose, the Hope, and the Swan. The Globe, the most celebrated of all the playhouses, Mr. Ordish leaves, somewhat oddly, for his next volume, which will treat of the theatres within the walls, as this deals with those “in the fields.”

As aids to our understanding, Mr. Ordish has reproduced the plan of London in Braun and Hogenberg’s “Civitates orbis Terrarum,” published in 1572, Norden’s Map of London, 1593, and portions of one or two other plans. But, in nearly every case, the reproductions are so small that it is almost impossible to make any satisfactory use of them. Better done are the illustrations, one of which, the title-page of Kemp’s “Nine Daises Wonder,” showing the actor in his famous dance between London and Norwich, is here reproduced.

R. W. L.

Farce on the English stage, or off it, is almost inseparably connected with noise and horse-play. Only when restrained by music do our dramatic extravaganzas, as a rule, dissociate wild fun from rough-and-tumble frolic. Mr. Henry James, in his “Theatricals,” Second Series (Osgood), has entered the ranks of the farce-writers, and has broken this tradition. “The Album” and “The Reprobate” are both pure farces, with the thinnest vein of romance running through them, and even that farcical. Absurdity can go no further than in the general career of the two plots. Happily, the absurdity is very funny. The most inconceivable extravagance of talk and motive takes the place of the horse-play, and, while giving himself ample opportunity, by his choice of characters and situations, to be broadly vulgar, he hardly ever ceases to be graceful. Whether they are ever to be seen on the stage, or whether they were ever meant to be, I cannot make out from Mr. James’s elaborately obscure preface.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



BEATA BEATRIX.—AFTER THE PICTURE BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION FROM A MEZZOTINT IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. ROBERT DUNTHORNE, REMBRANDT HEAD GALLERY, VIGO STREET, W.

ART NOTES.

We reproduce this week Mr. Fred Miller's mezzotint of Rossetti's "Beata Beatrix," published by Mr. Robert Dunthorne. The picture itself, with its extraordinary greens and yellows, will be familiar to all our readers. Rossetti himself, writing of it, said: "The picture is not intended at all to represent death, but to render it under the semblance of a trance, in which Beatrice, seated at a balcony overlooking the city, is suddenly rapt from earth to heaven."

"You will remember," he continues, "how Dante dwells on the desolation of the city in connection with the incident of her death, and for this reason I have introduced it as my background, and made the figures of Dante and Love, passing through the street and gazing ominously at one another, conscious of the event; while the bird, a messenger of death, drops the poppy through the hands of Beatrice. She, through her shut lids, is conscious of a new world, as expressed in the last words of the *Vita Nuova*." The description is apter than any of ours could be, and there is no need to dwell upon the completeness with which Rossetti realised his own idea. That the mezzotint fails in that which Rossetti so triumphantly succeeded in—the colour harmonies—is, of course, a preliminary condition of things; but there can be no doubt that Mr. Miller has succeeded in showing the spirit, the sweetness, and the mystical allusion of Rossetti's exquisite work, in itself surely extremely high praise, for Mr. Miller has been conscientious to the last degree.

A line or two will suffice in comment upon the little exhibition now on view at the St. George's Gallery in Grafton Street, where the work of a few among the young Scotch school hangs. Mr. Nisbet is, perhaps, the most accomplished artist of this little group, which includes some work of Mr. Robert Noble, Mr. Austen Brown, and Mr. Coutts-Michie. Mr. Nisbet, although he pleases you exceedingly, gives you the curious impression of a man who says, "I have done so much; but do not ask me for more, or I fail." Still, the "so much" is so complete in itself that we shall not ask him for more. Summer, in peace and in storm, is his peculiar delight, and we are content to be delighted with him for the colour and poetry of his accomplishment. The rest are very pretty exercises in landscape, with occasional hints of something higher than prettiness.

The Marine Painter to the Queen, Sir Oswald Walters Brierly, died a few days ago, at the advanced age of seventy-seven. He was born in Chester, the son of Mr. Thomas Brierly, and learned the sea during a long experience, in his early life, of Australia, the Louisiade Archipelago, and other remote and distant places. He cruised for eleven years in different parts of the world, and accompanied Sir Charles Napier's fleet to the Baltic during the first year of the Crimean war. The sea sketches which he made at this period, and of his voyage round the world ten years later with the Duke of Edinburgh—a series subsequently exhibited at South Kensington—brought him into considerable repute; and, having been elected as a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours in 1872, he was, two years later, appointed Marine Painter to the Queen. After this the honours that crowd round customary academic successes attended his steps. In 1881 he was appointed Curator of the Painted Hall at Greenwich; in 1886 he was knighted; and he was the



THE MAIL CART.—DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.

recipient of several foreign honours in addition. He painted a quantity of historical marine pictures, and a few years ago the Pall Mall Gallery opened its doors to a loan exhibition of them. His work was often in evidence at the "Old Water-Colours," his reputation was highly respectable, and he has died full of honours.

The problems that have gathered round the now celebrated "Living Pictures" have been at last sent to their well-earned rest by the decision—the final decision—of the House of Lords. Mr. Hanfstaengel, the proprietor of the copyright of the pictures represented, began his attack, it will be remembered, upon the direct representation. Defeated in this—for his pictures had not been "multiplied"—he turned his attention to the sketches published in the Press of the "Living Pictures." For thus he argued: "The living pictures are copies from paintings of which I own the copyright, and the published sketches are copies of these living pictures; therefore they must be copies of the design, at least, of my copyright paintings." The argument is a plausible one; but it will be noticed by the observant that its logical accuracy depends upon the perfect truth of each point in the argument. Unfortunately the Lord Chancellor was not persuaded that this was the case. He pointed out that the faces could not fail to be different, that the scenes were practically dissimilar, that the pose, to a limited degree, was all that remained of the original, and that such a remnant could not be described even as a copy "of the design at least." To quote the language of the law reports: "The other Lords concurred, and the appeal was accordingly dismissed with costs." Mr. Hanfstaengel will now have to concur too.



NOAH LEAVING THE ARK.—W. H. GADSBY.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



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"RELIGION NEVER WAS DESIGNED TO MAKE OUR PLEASURES LESS;"—WILLIAM STRUTT.
EXHIBITED AT THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.



"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER;"—R. J. GORDON.
EXHIBITED AT THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood is one of the pleasantest of our discursive writers. Let him choose a theme without very definite limits, a theme in dealing with which most folks would lose their way, and which invites vagueness and irrelevance, and he is at his best. He will not fence it round with very precise boundaries, nor will he studiously avoid irrelevance, but he will know his country, however trackless it may be, will lead us by delightful ways to his points of interest, and probably fill us with zeal to hew out paths for ourselves.

His "Imagination in Dreams," which Mr. John Lane has just published, may be set down as a disappointing book by some inquirers. There would indeed appear, at first sight, no reason for their feeling aggrieved, for while urging on them the careful and serious observation of dreams, he has hardly indicated at all the points to be observed, or the methods and conditions of study. The reason for these omissions is not that his book is non-scientific, but, on the contrary, that he was writing a book in a scientific spirit. The fact that dreams have been treated either superstitiously, or scornfully, or as having invariably a material cause, proves, he thinks, that we are at the very beginning of the subject, and that honest dreamers must themselves select the points of observation, and choose the methods, before any fruitful inferences can be drawn at all.

Mr. Greenwood's real subject is not dreams, but imagination, and his little book is a new starting-point for the investigation of the working of that mysterious faculty. Careless in form—not in style, for he writes with great charm—and lacking in the precision which a serious inquiry generally strives after, it is yet one of the most stimulating books I have come across for a very long time.

Mr. Alfred Hayes is known as a collaborator with Mr. Norman Gale and Mr. Le Gallienne in the privately issued "Fellowship in Song," and as an occasional contributor of delightful verse to the periodicals. He has now published a volume of his own, "The Vale of Arden" (John Lane). The best thing in it is "My Study," which was the gem of the second number of the *Yellow Book*. With an easily detected likeness to Mr. Gale, and with a leaning towards the same subjects, there is in Mr. Hayes a greater gravity, with, as yet, considerably less ease and melody. He is more often than Mr. Gale visited by the spirit he puts into these lines—

Chasten the land, O wind!
Hurl Autumn from his throne:
Be pitiless, be blind,
And let the forest groan;
The forest's quickened life
Will bless thee yet; for thou
Art God's keen pruning-knife,
That lops each withered bough.

"A Child of the Age," one of the new volumes of the "Keynotes"

Series (Lane), is a much-revised version of the late Francis Adams' "Leicester." With all the revision given to it at various periods by its author, it is still a very crude and shapeless book. Without doubt, it is also a remarkable one. Like all Adams wrote, it bears the stamp of genius, and leaves us in complete doubt whether he would have ever emerged from the state of great unfulfilled promise. "A Child of the Age" is a good name. Leicester, the hero, is possessed by that introspective mania, and by that sense of the value of his own reflections, sensations, virtues, and vices, which fill three-fourths of the fiction of to-day, though in its non-intellectual form it is common enough in any epoch under the name of conceit. But egotism is not the only representative quality of the book, which reveals much insight into life, expressed in boyish terms, much eloquence, much tenderness. Whatever faults it shares with the less healthy literature of the day, it is clearly stamped with the writer's own individuality.

"Majesty," the new novel by Louis Couperus, translated by Mr. Texeira de Mattos and Mr. Ernest Dowson, should arouse interest apart from its literary merit. It is, indeed, a novel of the hour, so closely are certain circumstances, that the newspapers have been full of lately, shadowed forth in it. Some of the characters are certainly taken from real life—at least, they are drawn as closely as a foreign novelist's remoteness from an imperial throne and the artistic restraints of fiction will admit of. The optimism of its end, too, is a remarkable reflection of the feeling generally indulged in at present with respect to the future of the great country in

which the scene of "Majesty" is laid, and shared even by those whom its unkindness has made exiles. The translation, it should be said, is a very good one. Mr. Dowson is well known as a promising young writer of fiction, and especially as collaborator with Mr. Moore in that clever novel, "A Comedy of Masks."

o. o.

"SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE."*

If Mr. Allen's Spenser is finished in the way in which it has been begun—and I suppose only an extreme malignity of fate can prevent this—the poet whom some of the truest lovers of English poetry have always preferred to any other English poet will be provided with a bookly form almost handsomer than that enjoyed by any English writer, except Shakspere in the famous Boydell edition. Hitherto the stateliest Spenser has been the quarto form of Dr. Grosart's privately printed one; but this exists in very few copies, it is only procurable by accident, it is unfinished, and it is not illustrated, though it is a beautiful book in other ways. The present edition has the advantage not merely of the comeliest of all book forms—it is impossible not to believe that all books would be quartos if they could—of the admirable type of the Chiswick Press, and of paper with which I can find no fault, except that it is, for my private taste, rather too yellow, but of illustrations by the artist who, with the exception of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, is the very best qualified of all English artists for the task. The text has been carefully collated by Mr. Wise, and I do not think any *apparatus criticus* in regard to it was wanted; but I miss (perhaps I am M. Josse in this respect) an Introduction. One of the very best things that Mr. Matthew Arnold did was the bringing back, by precept and example, of the courtly and catholic practice by which men of letters of the present act as ushers to the greater men of letters of the past at each re-entry of the latter on the actual scene; and it is only a literary Grobian who can object to it, for nobody is bound to read the Introduction unless he likes.

However, it will readily be granted that the very greatest authors, except as a matter of due state and reverence, need this ushering the least. Nor, perhaps, in the strict sense, do they need "pictures." But Spenser, albeit, or because, he makes his own pictures as he goes along, with such mastery and variety as no Serjeant Painter or Master of the Pageants has ever shown before or since, suggests such accompaniment more than most poets. Mr. Crane has given a page-frontispiece and a heading to each canto, a tail-piece to most, if not to all; while the cover design—Una and the Lion—is a considerable addition to the list. The scheme of these illustrations seems to me quite the right one,

though a touch of that oddity of detail which Mr. Crane rarely escapes may be noted here and there—for instance, if in the first frontispiece anyone will calculate the relative heights of the knight's war-horse and the lady's donkey, the further exaltation of his saddle, and the respective altitude of an average man and maid, he will see that the levels of the two faces cannot be right. But such things matter exceedingly little in the pictorial accompaniment of such a poem; the scheme and tone are the points, and these are absolutely what they should be. From the specimens here it would seem that Mr. Crane does not intend to put much action in his cuts. The available space is reduced in all cases by a wide and rich border, of which the artist has made use for subsidiary designs: thus, for instance, the figures of the Seven Deadly Sins are vignetted separately in such a border round the throned and motionless figure of Lucifer. The most effective of these frontispieces perhaps, as a picture, is that of the lion breaking into Abessa's cottage before doing execution on Kirkrapine; while the headpiece which immediately follows, representing the beast licking Una's feet, is very pretty. But they are all in thorough keeping with the text, and this, unfortunately, is a good deal more than can be said of very many book-illustrations nowadays. What with the Kelmscott Chaucer and this Spenser, the two poets who are the glory respectively of mediæval and Renaissance English will certainly have received fit garb at last in these modern days. GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

* "Spenser's Faerie Queene," Edited by Thomas J. Wise. Part I. With Illustrations by Walter Crane. London: George Allen.



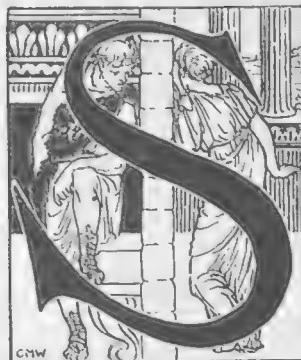
CHRISTMAS.—W. LASCELLES.



MR. WALTER CRANE'S ILLUSTRATION TO THE NEW EDITION OF SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEENE."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.
BY STEPHEN CRANE.



TIMSON stood in a corner and glowered. He was a fierce man, and had indomitable whiskers, albeit he was very small.

"That young tarrow," he whispered to himself; "he wants to quit making eyes at Lizzie."

His brow creased in a frown, he strode over to the huge, open doors, and looked at a sign. "Stimson's Mammoth Merry-go-Round" it read, and the glory of it was great. A soft, booming sound of surf, mingled with the cries of babies, came from the beach. There was a vista of sand and sky and sea that drew, far away, to a misty point. In the mighty

angle a girl in a red dress was crawling slowly, like some kind of a spider on the fabric of Nature. Further back was the long line of hotels and cottages, standing respectfully away from the sea. Within the merry-go-round there was a whirling circle of ornamental lions, giraffes, camels, ponies, goats, glittering with paint, that caught swift reflections from windows high above them. With stiff, wooden legs, they swept on in a never-ending race, while a great orchestrion clambered in wild speed. The summer sunlight sprinkled its gold upon the garnet canopies carried by the tireless racers, and upon all the devices that made Stimson's machine glittering and famous. A host of laughing children bestrode the animals, and shook their reins with glee. They leaned forward at intervals to clutch at iron rings that were tendered by a wooden arm. At the intense moment before the swift grab for the rings, one could see their little bodies quiver with eagerness, and the laughter rang shrill and excited. Down in the long rows of benches crowds of grown people sat watching the game, while occasionally a father might rise and go near to shout encouragement, advice, applause, at his flying offspring.

A young man stood upon the small raised platform, erected in the manner of a pulpit, and just without the line of the circling figures. It was his duty to manipulate the wooden arm and affix the rings. When all were gone into the hands of the triumphant children, he held forth the basket, into which they returned all rings, save the coveted brass one, which meant another ride free, and made the holder of it very illustrious.

The young man stood all day upon his narrow platform, affixing rings or holding the basket. He was a sort of general squire in the lists of childhood, and was very busy.

Yet Stimson had noticed that he frequently found time to twist about on his platform, and smile at a girl who shyly sold tickets behind a silvered netting. This was the great reason of Stimson's glowering. "I guess," he muttered, "that fellow is smiling at my daughter."

Often the dark-eyed girl peered through the glistening wires, and then turned her head away quickly to prove to the young man that she was not interested. At other times her eyes seemed filled with a tender fear lest he should fall from that exceedingly dangerous platform. And as for the young man, it could be seen that these glances filled him with valour, and he stood carelessly upon his perch, as if it was of no consequence that he might fall off.

"This has got to stop," said Stimson to himself, as he stood at a distance and watched them. He resolved to overturn everything, for, although small, he was very fierce and impetuous. He decided to crush this dreaming at once.

He strode over to the silvered netting. "Say, you want to let up on your everlasting smiling at that idiot," he said grimly to the girl. He was a man of few words, and prided himself upon it.

She cast down her eyes and made a little heap of quarters into a stack. One could have seen her fingers tremble.

Stimson turned from his daughter and went to a spot beneath the platform. He fixed his eyes upon the young man and said, "I've been speaking to Lizzie. You better attend strictly to your own business, or there'll be a new man here next week."

It was as if he had blazed away with a shot-gun. The young man reeled upon his perch. But at last he in a measure regained his composure, and stammered, "A-all right, sir." For he knew that denials were futile with the terrible Stimson. He agitatedly began to rattle the rings in the basket, and to pretend that he had to count them or inspect them in some way. For a moment Stimson stood in great satisfaction, and watched the effect of his words.

"I fixed 'em," he murmured complacently, and went out to smoke a cigar. He reflected that people who came in contact with his will usually ended in a quick submission.

A few weeks after this episode and this reflection he went up town upon a dull, sultry afternoon, when business paused. Upon his return he found that the molasses-candy man, from his stand over in a corner, was keeping an eye upon the cashier's cage, and that nobody at all was attending to the wooden arm and the iron rings.

He strolled forward like a sergeant of grenadiers. "Where in thunder is Lizzie?" he demanded, a storm of rage in his eyes.

The molasses-candy man, although long associated with Stimson, had never got over being dazed. "They've—they've gone round to th'-th' house," he said with difficulty, as if he had just been stunned.

"Whose house?" snapped Stimson.

"Your—your house, I s'pose," said the molasses-candy man.

Stimson marched round to his home like a heathen god of wrath. Imperial denunciations surged, already formulated, to the tip of his tongue, and he bided the moment when his anger could fall upon the heads of that pair.

He found his wife convulsive and in tears.

"Where's Lizzie?"

And then she burst forth, "Oh—John—John—they've run away—I know they have! They drove by here not three minutes ago. They must have done it on purpose to bid me good-bye, for Lizzie waved her hand sad-like, and then, before I could get out to ask where they were going or what, Jim whipped up the horse and they were gone."

Stimson gave vent to a dreadful roar. "Get my revolver, get a hack, get my revolver—do you hear—what the devil—?" His words became incoherent in a chaotic rage.

He had always ordered his wife about as if she were a battalion of infantry, and despite her misery, the training of years caused her to spring mechanically to obey; but suddenly she turned to him a shrill appeal—

"Oh, John—not—the revolver!"

"Confound it, let go of me!" he roared again, and shook her from him.

He ran hatless into the street. There was a multitude of hacks at this summer resort, but it was ages to him before he could find one. Then he charged it like a bull. "Up town!" he yelled, as he tumbled into the rear seat. The hackman thought of severed arteries and broken bones. His galloping horse distanced a large number of citizens who had been running to find out what was the matter with the little hatless man.

It chanced, as the careering hack went along near the lake, Stimson gazed across the calm, grey expanse, and recognised a colour in a bonnet and a poise of a head. A buggy was travelling along a highway that led to Sorrington. Stimson bellowed, "There—there—there they are—in that buggy!"

The hackman became inspired with the full knowledge of the situation. He struck his horse a delirious blow with the whip. His mouth expanded in a grin of excitement and joy. It came to pass that this old vehicle, with its drowsy horse and its dusty-eyed and tranquil driver, seemed all suddenly to awaken, to become animated and fleet. The horse seemed to ruminant upon his state, his air of reflection vanished. He became intent upon his gait, and spread his aged legs in quaint and ridiculous devices for speed. The driver, his eyes shining, sat critically in his seat. He watched each motion of this rattling machine down before him. He resembled an engineer. He used the whip with judgment and deliberation, as the engineer would have used coal or oil. The horse clacked swiftly upon the macadam, the wheels hummed, the body of the vehicle wheezed and groaned occasionally.

Stimson, in the rear seat, was erect in that impassive attitude that comes sometimes to the furious man when he is obliged to leave the battle to others. Frequently, however, the tempest in his breast came to his face, and he howled, "Go it! go it! You're gaining! Pound 'im! Thump the life out of 'im—hit 'im hard, you fool!" His hand grasped the rod that supported the carriage-top, and it was clenched so that the nails were leaden-hued.

Ahead that other carriage had been slipping with a realisation of a menace in the rear. It bowled away rapidly, drawn by the eager spirit of a young and unworn horse. Stimson could see the buggy top bobbing, bobbing. That little pane, like an eye, was a derision to him. Once he leaned forward and bawled angry sentences. He began to feel impotent. This whole expedition was the tottering of an old man upon the trail of birds. A sense of age made him choke again with wrath. That other vehicle, that was youth; with youth's pace, it was swift flying with the hope of dreams. He began to comprehend those two children ahead of him, and he knew a sudden and strange awe, because he envied the power of their young blood, the power to fly strongly into the future and fill and hope again, even at that time when his bones must be laid in the earth.

The dust rose from the hot road and stifled the nostrils of Stimson. The highway vanished far away in a point with a suggestion of intolerable length. The other vehicle was becoming so small that Stimson could no longer see the derisive eye.

At last the hackman drew rein to his horse and turned to look at Stimson. "No use, I guess," he said.

Stimson made a gesture of acquiescence, rage, despair. As the hackman turned his dripping horse about, Stimson sank back with the astonishment and grief of a man who has been defied by the universe. He had been in a great perspiration, and now his bald head felt cool and uncomfortable. He put up his hand with the sudden recollection that he had forgotten his hat.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



SCOTSMAN (on New Year's morning, pausing at foot-bridge): "Hie—Will I risk the brig—hic—or will I get doon—hic—and wade the burn?" (After deliberation) "Yesh—hic—I'll get doon an' wade."



SNOOKS (to his pal, who has just picked up a stump of a cigar): "I 'opes as yer won't mind me smokin' a pipe while you're smokin' yer cigar, Bill."

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JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XXXII.—“PUNCH” AND MR. F. C. BURNAND.

When I wrote asking Mr. F. C. Burnand to grant me an interview, I did it in trepidation, having heard that he objected to the modern inquisition of the interviewer. My eloquence evidently prevailed, for he replied that I might have the satisfaction of executing my editorial commission. It could only be a *Sketchy* affair, as at the present time he was so very busy that his leisure moments were few and precious. As,



Photo by Dickinson and Foster, New Bond Street, W.

MR. F. C. BURNAND.

probably, I knew as much about him as was necessary, I should let him off easily! Until after Christmas he had no time for anyone.

I had to be contented with merely catching a glimpse of him in his comfortable study at the “Boltons.” He was preparing to start off for the Savoy, where he was occupied in rehearsing his new piece.

“Of the many comic papers, *Punch* is decidedly the only one that appears to excite a vague, mysterious interest in the bosom of the reading public. What is the cause, Mr. Burnand?”

“Probably the hebdomadal dinner, at which it is supposed, no doubt, that the jokes are handed round to be digested.”

“When was *Punch* started?”

“*Punch* was started in 1841, a year of three eventful P’s—the introduction of penny postage, and the birth of the Prince. It was to be a comic chronicle of the times.”

“And its first editors—?”

“Were Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Shirley Brooks, and Mr. Tom Taylor.”

In their identical chair now sits Mr. Burnand, who, no doubt, through his other works, is better known to the general public than his predecessors. Mr. Francis Cowley Burnand was born on Nov. 29, 1836. His very earliest years showed a promise of literary talent. At Eton his little plays were acted in his tutor’s room, and at the age of fourteen his “Guy Fawkes’ Day” was produced at Worthing. He carried his energies on to Cambridge, where he founded the A. D. C., which still flourishes. Mr. Burnand quite made up his mind that the Church should be his profession. And from reading at Cuddesdon he passed to St. Charles’s Seminary to study under the late Cardinal (then Dr.) Manning, which resulted in his discovering that the cure of souls was not his vocation. His earliest contribution to *Punch* dates back to 1855, when he sent in a drawing which was reproduced by the great John Leech. Though the stage has always possessed a great attraction for him, journalism equally claims him as one of its successful lights. With what other papers was he connected? He once edited a small paper, the *Glowworm*, when Mr. Arthur à Beckett was his “sub.” He contributed a good deal to *Fun*. In fact, it was through *Fun* not seeing his idea of a literary joke that brought him directly in connection with *Punch*.

“What was the idea?” I asked him.

“The burlesquing of popular novelists of the day. Of these ‘Mokanna’ appeared in *Punch*, Feb. 21, 1863. It was attributed to Thackeray. The

idea regularly caught on, and soon after that I joined the staff, on which for a long time, owing to my youth, I was called ‘The New Boy.’”

The new and original style of “Happy Thoughts” won him popularity as a true wit. Its very simplicity of quaint humour appealed to all. “Happy Thoughts” and Burnand are now synonymous, and not undeservedly so. The same keen sense of humour runs through every line of his writing.

“When did you become editor?” was my next question.

“I succeeded to the editorial chair in 1880. Though a post of honour, the life of the editor of a comic journal is not exactly a happy one, for many people seem to imagine that a joke has only to be made, and it becomes ‘good enough for *Punch*!’ The home of the feeble funny story lies in the waste-paper basket of the *Punch* office.”

The cartoon is necessarily the great subject discussed at the weekly dinner, when the staff, which numbers about fourteen, offer their suggestions. It is usually settled that night. At times of any great crisis the cartoon becomes a matter of tiresome thought, involving uncertainty and delay, naturally causing extra work to editor and artist. But *Punch*, in all its long career, has only been once wrong with its big picture, and that was at the time of the death of Gordon.

Besides his editorial work, Mr. Burnand has always been busy writing for the stage, his latest success being his libretto of “The Chieftain,” at the Savoy. Like many another of literary fame, after relinquishing the idea of the Church, he adopted the “Bar” as his profession, but I believe he held only one brief, and his talent was certainly unconnected with musty law-books, so he came to the conclusion it were wiser to give it up. I don’t know whether any additional glory is attached to an editor of *Punch* from the fact of the knowledge that he is happily married, has a large family, and also several grandchildren.

The man who ranks next in seniority to the editor is Mr. Arthur à Beckett. He has been so intimately connected with Mr. Burnand that a few words will not be out of place.

Mr. Arthur à Beckett, the late editor of the *Sunday Times*, is also a barrister. His “Pump Handle Court” papers prove the serious view he took of that life! He joined *Punch* in 1874, and was “asked to the table” a year later. Since then he has always been one of its most prominent members, and acts, when occasion requires, as sub-editor. I have already mentioned that he was connected with Mr. Burnand on the *Glowworm*, and, when Mr. à Beckett had some interest in *Britannia*, Mr. Burnand wrote the leading story. It can be truly said that during his



Photo by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

MR. ARTHUR À BECKETT.

whole literary career Mr. Arthur à Beckett has been intimately associated with the present editor of *Punch*. Their friendship dates back quite thirty years. Mr. à Beckett is, moreover, godfather to four of Mr. Burnand’s children—a serious responsibility!—and, in return, Mr. F. C. B. performed the same office to his youngest boy, who is curiously nicknamed “Giggles.”

Like many people, who fancy any life but the one which they lead, Mr. à Beckett has a secret love for a sword. As he always touchingly says, “Soldiering is my line, though no one seems to think so but myself.” Perhaps the country was afraid of losing his bright pen, and the present *Punch* editor a genial friend. It’s his regret, but no one else’s.

A CHAT WITH "THE AMERICAN GIRL"
AND "BAZAAR FIEND."

To claim fulfilment of the promise of an interview made some months ago in the provinces, I called upon Miss Katherine Lucile Foote, the young American actress who has been specially engaged by Mr. Willie Edouin for his forthcoming revival of "Niobe (All Smiles)," and is meanwhile playing Mrs. Freemantle Wyvill in "The Wrong Girl." This young lady is remarkable for several things. She is an American Girl *par excellence*, and Mr. Wilson Barrett some two years ago assigned to her with especial fitness that particular part in his play, "The



Strand Engt.
Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS KATHERINE LUCILE FOOTE.

American Girl from Omaha." She is tall, handsome, and dashing; the number of provincial critics is legion who, losing their critical balance in her presence, have applied to her the line, "divinely tall and most divinely fair." She has classic features of the Mary Anderson type, and more than once her "counterfeit presentment," now much in evidence in the Strand, has been mistaken for that lady's. Miss Foote is ambitious, and resolved to shine as a star in the dramatic firmament. Being yet only twenty-three, and Nature having favoured her both physically and mentally, she has abundant time and opportunities for doing so. She is daughter of Colonel M. J. Foote, of the Washington Bar, and she gave up the attractions of society in Washington and New York to devote herself to the dramatic profession. In conversation she displays much vivacity and charm of manner. Moreover, she is the possessor of a sweet thing in signatures, to produce which, some will have it, she not only uses a quill pen, but artistically writes with its feather end.

I found the young lady and Mrs. Foote, her mother, who chaperones her in all her wanderings, at a cosy private hotel not a hundred yards from the Strand stage-door.

"Well, Miss Foote," I asked, when we were *tête-à-tête*, "how do you like your part in 'The Wrong Girl'?"

"I can't say I like it. It is not a very popular part. The audience has not much sympathy with the 'New Woman' who is a 'Bazaar Fiend,' and that is what Mrs. Freemantle Wyvill is. There is too much gush in it. And the critics have said that I am overdressed. But that is not my fault, you know. Mr. Edouin selected the dresses himself."

"And what about Captain Kate Rivers, in 'The Queen's Prize'?"

"Oh, I like that much better, though it is only a character in a small comedietta. It suits me better than the other, and the audience show they think so too. I can tell at once whether the audience is in sympathy with my part."

"Do you prefer comedy parts?"

"No; my line is rather melodrama, drama, or tragedy. I like a serious or pathetic character, and reposeful parts. But I shall like Niobe, I think."

"I believe you have been on the stage now about three years, Miss Foote?"

"Yes; I studied in Paris under M. Dupont Vernon, of the Comédie Française, and played in a small part at the Théâtre Français. Then I came to this country and went on tour with Mr. Wilson Barrett, who gave me the leading part in 'The American Girl.' I also played Olive Skinner in 'The Silver King,' the Fisherman's Wife in 'Ben-my-Chree,' and other parts. I next went on a twelve months' engagement with Messrs. Williams and Musgrave's company to Australia, and was much pleased with my experiences there. I have lately been on tour with the Gaiety company, playing Donna Inez in 'Don Juan.' I was offered the title-role, but preferred Inez, as more suited to me. Mr. Edouin asked the manager of the company to release me when he wanted me for 'Niobe,' but they would not let me off until my engagement was completed, and meantime, owing to some difference about the lease of his theatre, Mr. Edouin has had to postpone the production of the play for which I have been engaged by him."

"Do you ever suffer from stage fright?"

"Oh, yes; I was nearly dead with it one night last week. In my first part I shook all over, and could hardly hold my rifle. Fortunately, I controlled my voice, and people would not notice it, but when I held a letter up in the second piece my hand trembled like an aspen."

"Do you notice the audience?"

"Yes, I can see them as I play, and glance my eye along row after row to notice how the play affects them. One night last week there was a man in the stalls right in front of me, who sat reading a newspaper all the time, holding it up before his eyes, and just now and then glancing over it to see what was going on upon the stage. That man drove me fairly wild, and put me out of temper all night."

"I suppose he was a critic?"

"Oh, he was a critic, of course. He only wanted to show how little interest the play had for him. I felt so mad I could have murdered him."

"That would not have been advisable."

"No; I controlled myself, and spared him."

"You have, I think, played in several parts of the world? What is your opinion of audiences of different nationalities?"

"Australian audiences are very enthusiastic—more so than English. American audiences are even more demonstrative than Australian. Even



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS FOOTE AS CAPTAIN KATE RIVERS.

Scotch audiences, though the Scots are considered cold, are, I think, more easily moved than English. But I have been much pleased with my reception everywhere."

"Now, Miss Foote, can you tell me how that signature of yours is written, or is it a secret?"

"Oh, it's a secret. I write with a quill usually, but I've a special pen for my signature. Mr. Edouin often introduces me as the lady with the remarkable signature."

With a cordial wish that the fair and vivacious *Américaine* might rise to the height of her histrionic ambition, I thanked her for her interview, and took leave.

J. Q.

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.*

It is refreshing in these days of morbid introspection, of minute inquiring into and accounting for every passing emotion, of allusions



THE TABLE, THE ASS, AND THE STICK.

to heredity and Darwin, to have these old tales forced on our notice. Forced, because they come in such attractive guise, and so tricked out



THE THREE ARMY SURGEONS.

with dainty illustrations that the most modern of us must needs stay awhile to listen to their voices. Listen to this, from "A Tale of One who Travelled to Learn what Shivering Meant." The hero, we are expressly told, is a simpleton: his father tells him he is "not worth malt and hops." He is to watch for three nights in an enchanted castle, into which he is allowed to take with him three inanimate things: "So the youth asked for a fire, a lathe, and a cutting-board." That is all. And what more do we want to know? On the part of a simpleton this remarkable grasp of the situation is certainly surprising. But the folk among whom the story grew, and for whom it was told, were content to accept it as a fact, and without question. They had no *Nineteenth Century* to account, as Mr. Buckman does in a recent number, for every trivial action by a reference to our remoter ancestry. No one took the trouble to suggest to them that the choice of a fire was but the natural turning to light and warmth, in a difficult situation, of a man to whom these represented good spirits, darkness being one of the special attributes of the Evil One.

It is true that in his scholarly introduction Mr. Baring-Gould does point out the origin and meaning of many of the tales.

But if one were not aware of the general readability of Mr. Baring-Gould's writings, the introduction might be left unread. Still, we live in times when everything must be explained, and we may as well have our explanations interesting, as these undoubtedly are. It is a saddening process, however, and there are some of us who would fain go on believing in fairies and griffins, magic purses and talking animals. Imagine the zest that would be added to travelling if on our wanderings we had the chance of encountering such a fascinating griffin as adorns the cover of this book; if our laborious ascents of, say, the Matterhorn were crowned by the vision of such an engaging demon as may be found on the back of the cover! But all Mr. Gordon Browne's drawings are worthy of the highest praise, whether he is showing us the river, flowing past delightful German towers and under gloomy bridges, into which is thrown the bad step-mother in "The Three Little Men in the Wood," or the above-mentioned fascinating demons. Perhaps he is at his best when he shows us the children. It is a pity there are not more of them—the fat, curly-haired German babies, tripping along in their quaint garments and clumsy wooden sabots. The illustrations we reproduce are not the most pleasing, but they serve to show the humorous side of Mr. Browne's fancy. They are from "The Table, the Ass, and the Stick," "The Three Army Surgeons," and "Bearskin," respectively.

Altogether, we have nothing but praise for this collection. The stories are well chosen, and simply and effectively re-told. The print is large, but the book not unduly so. It is one that folk may safely include in their stock-in-trade for this season of the year, and the youngster who is not satisfied with his gift must be hard to please.

JOURNALISM IN AFRICA.

A new venture in journalism is always interesting, perhaps none the less so because its birthplace is a small and distant British Colony. For example, in Lagos, West Africa, there has been started the *Lagos Echo*, a new weekly paper. The journal consists of one small sheet, and is published in Breadfruit Street (there is a decidedly local flavour about the name) every Saturday, price threepence. This modest little paper contains two pages of advertisements—probably a very paying proportion—a column of "Lagos Day by Day," and a column and a half of correspondence. There is an editorial on Church matters, styled the "Pulpit and the Pew," from which one gathers that in Lagos (as nearer home) the former has not that firm hold over the latter than parsons, at any rate, think desirable. In the opinion of the Lagos editor, the intelligence of the Pew is decidedly in advance of that of the Pulpit. Here there appears to be a chance for an ambitious young curate not averse to emigration. You find that Lagos indulges in the English sport of horse-racing, and that his Excellency the Governor, like a good Englishman, patronises the same. One of the entertaining bits of the West African journal is an advertisement headed "Look here!" in huge type, on its front page: "An enterprising Merchant, aged 34, is desirous of entering into the bliss of English married life. He is anxious to get the society of a lady below 30 years. Money immaterial. Good moral character, with little general education, essential. Please apply, with photograph, to 'Alpha,' at this office." Perhaps some young English lady will take pity on the loneliness of the enterprising merchant, and send her photo to the amorous "Alpha." There is a rival paper, the *Lagos Standard*, which describes itself as being for "God, the Queen, and the People." Africa is altogether going ahead. It is even coqueting with academic journalism, for the students of Gill College, Somerset East, Cape Colony, have for some time been issuing a monthly magazine.



"WHOMEVER LOOKED AT HIM RAN AWAY."

A GOSSIP WITH THE CORRESPONDENT OF THE “JOURNAL DES DÉBATS” AND “LE FIGARO.”

It is probable that the importance of the work done by the foreign correspondent is not always rightly appreciated by the public. Not many years ago the letters of one London representative of the Paris Press, who absurdly misrepresented some events in the Metropolis, caused a very hostile feeling in Paris, and it was hardly possible to persuade the French that the trouble was chiefly due to his ignorance of our language. Consequently, it was with much interest that I heard that my friend, M. Paul Villars, had become the correspondent of the *Figaro*, as well as the *Débats*, and, naturally, I went to have a chat with him about his new post.

At the outset he protested that he had little of interest to tell me. “I have had a most uneventful life,” he said, speaking in perfect English, “and, on the ‘happy the nation that has no history’ principle, I ought to be a very happy man—I don’t say I’m not. Yes; a journalist all my life. I always had a mania for spoiling paper. When I came over to England, twenty years ago—I was then twenty-four years old, so you can calculate—I had already acquired a substantial experience of journalism. Yet it’s a great advantage to have the two languages at one’s command. I have done a good deal of work for English papers of all sorts, among them the *Times* and the *Illustrated London News*.”

“What did you write for the *Times*? ”

“It’s rather funny, you know. I wrote an article in 1879 for the *Times* on Zola and his works. Well it came before Zola’s eyes, and he didn’t like it. He wrote an indignant letter, saying among other things that it was not right for a degenerate son of Shakspere to abuse the work of a child of Molière! It wasn’t bad, seeing I am as much a child of Molière as he is. Yes, I’m Parisian, a Parisian born in Paris—rather an exception, for, as you know, the Parisian, like the Londoner, is very often from the provinces.”

“By the bye, I noticed the other day that a French actor with a heavy Marseilles accent told me he was Parisian. What about the accent? What is the true French accent? ”

“I consider it is that of the educated Parisian. Of course, they say that at Nancy or Tours the purest is spoken. But the purest what? Why, the purest Tours or Nancy, I answer. The standard should surely come from the place where all the learned bodies of a country congregate, where its Academy sits, where its best society meets. In the same way, I believe that the best English is London, not, of course, Cockney, but the accent of an educated London gentleman. By the bye, it is wonderful how you English speak French—half the men of my club talk French with me, and I know a number of your dramatic critics who are admirable French scholars. It is quite different with us—hardly any of our dramatic critics know your language. The Americans don’t speak French as universally as the English. Oh, I prefer the English accent, both in speaking English or French, to that of the American.”

“I suppose it’s the French ignorance of our tongue that leads to the quaint mistakes in the French papers concerning English matters? ”

“Let me tell you,” he answered, almost indignantly, “in that respect you English live in a glass house. One day I was vexed by a paragraph mocking at those French mistakes you speak of, so I went through the English papers, and almost every one, *Times* and all, had mistakes in dealing with us and our language. Mind you, the printer is sometimes to blame. I remember writing that the Queen had paid a visit to Olympia; the printer did not know Olympia, so he changed it to The Olympic, of which he had heard. How can one keep straight? ”

I found it difficult to get M. Villars to talk about himself, but incidentally learned that he has represented the *Journal des Débats* for about ten years, and corresponds every day—his work appearing anonymously, as is customary on the paper. For the *Figaro* he has worked since the death of Johnston; he sends a weekly signed letter, dealing with all current English events. He has written two works on our country, one called “England, Scotland, and Ireland,” and the other

“Sketches in England.” The former has been translated into French, not the latter. Both have a substantial sale. When I asked him what was his opinion of English papers as compared with French, he hesitated.

“How can I compare? ” he answered. “We have different ideals. Your papers are admirable as newspapers, as storehouses of fact; but we want something else. We wish for opinions rather than facts, and we like to have our facts well arranged and digested before we take them. None of us would read your huge verbatim reports: we require the skilled man to take them and produce a summary. Yes; you, too, have a summary, but I think ours are better done. I don’t underrate your papers. There is nothing in the world like the *Times*. I always get it wherever I may be, and, until I have read it, feel that I don’t know what is going on in the world. We are more leisurely, and, in consequence, demand and get a higher standard of writing, on the whole. Our articles, particularly in the *Temps* and *Débats*, are thought out more carefully. I’ve seen English leaders that have been written in such desperate haste that they change tone in the middle because the writer has not formed his real opinion till half-way through! ”

In vain I pointed out what I consider good features in our papers and bad in the French. For each instance I gave he returned one as weighty. The compromise we reached was that the English papers are better for

“the English” than the French, and *vice versa*. Consequently, I took him to the question of duelling.

“I think that duels over journalistic matters are a mistake, or over polities, though the possibility of a duel sometimes imposes a useful restraint. However, I would not have duelling abolished. For some wrongs the law has no remedy, and, indeed, in its efforts to give a remedy it only aggravates the ill. In such cases the duel has its value. Moreover, the fear of a duel to death sometimes gives a man pause, and prevents a catastrophe. You must remember, too, that frequently the apparently trivial reasons that are published are not the real cause—they are given in order to prevent shame and scandal.”

I had lately been reading Marcel Prévost’s new book, with the curious title, “Les Demi-Vierges,” and so asked him how far its picture of a very advanced French “New Woman” is true.

“I was talking to Prévost about that myself,” he replied, “and he pointed out that the book only pretends to paint a very small section of society. No, thank goodness! we have no ‘New Woman’ among us, and are not likely to, so far as our unmarried girls are concerned. As for the married, some have, some take more liberty than others, and it becomes licence; but that is quite an old story. Of course, as you know, our women have for many years taken a larger part in their husbands’ business than yours, and in a great number of French commercial houses the

wife keeps the books and helps in the management, while in England, under like circumstances, she would do nothing at all.”

After this we talked about the English stage, and I found that, in his opinion, we have made immense progress of late years. One feature that strikes him is the originality and individuality of our actors. These qualities he rightly ascribes to the lack of formal training. Yet he believes that the French gain by the Conservatoire. He does not consider that it would be well for us to have such an institution. It is a matter of national temperament. The French, an ultra-logical people, require to work by definite canons of art, and have gained greatly from the establishment of an Academy. The English, a people less influenced by rules and theories, prefer to have as little interference as possible, and institutions like those of the French would prove ineffectual and even harmful. Unfortunately the subject led to music-halls, and then came an outburst of eloquence from M. Villars against the majority of the County Council and its treatment of the control of our amusements, which lasted till I had to hasten away to a “first night,” at which a little while later I discovered the representative of the two great French papers on duty.

MONOCLE.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the “Illustrated London News” Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

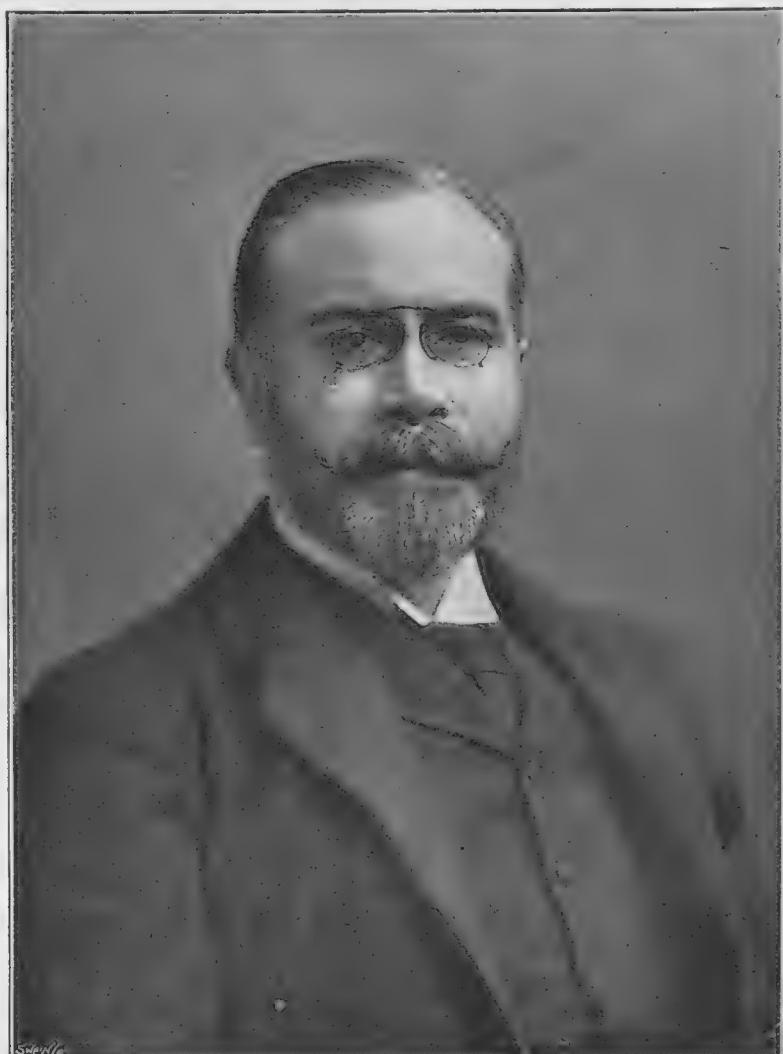


Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.
MONSIEUR PAUL VILLARS.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen spent Christmas very quietly at Osborne, her Majesty's dinner-party on Christmas Day being strictly limited to those members of the royal family staying at Osborne. The weather has been bright and fair, though considerably colder, and the Queen has been out in the private grounds daily, and has taken the usual short drive in the afternoon. There was the regulation distribution of gifts to the members of the household on Christmas Eve, when the Queen and the other royalties were present; but the general festivities have been few and far between, as the "festive season" is by no means a merry anniversary to her Majesty. The Queen is to reside at Osborne until about Feb. 14, when the Court returns to Windsor Castle, to stay there until her Majesty's departure for the Continent, which will take place the third week in March.

The preliminary arrangements for the Queen's visit to Nice have now been almost completed, and a provisional contract for her Majesty's tenancy of the Grand Hôtel de Cimiez has been signed on her behalf by Colonel Bigge. The sanitary arrangements and water-supply are to be thoroughly overhauled by an expert from England, and there are, of course, numerous alterations required in the hotel, which will have to be made during the next two months. Accommodation is required for nearly seventy persons, and it will be necessary to rent a house in the neighbourhood for the Indian attendants, whose company would be gladly dispensed with by the managers of the trip, as they always give an immense amount of trouble when on the Continent.

There are to be tableaux in the Indian Room at Osborne next week, in which Princess Louise, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Lord Lorne, and some of the royal children will take parts. The Princess Beatrice has also obtained permission from the Queen to give a ball during the holidays.

The Queen's Court at Buckingham Palace, for which invitations will be issued by the Lord Chamberlain, is to be held by her Majesty early in March, and later in that month there will be a couple of Drawing Rooms, which, according to present arrangements, will be held for the Queen by Princess Christian. Two Levées are to be held at St. James's Palace before Easter, the first by the Duke of Connaught, and the second by the Duke of York. The Levées after Easter, of which there will be three, will be held by the Prince of Wales.

The Duke of Cambridge, who has been staying at Gloucester House during the holidays, will shortly proceed to Cannes, and thence to Genoa, Rome, and Naples, his tour finishing at Malta, where he is going to inspect the garrison. The Duke had an excellent day's sport at Six Mile Bottom last week to close the season, as he will not shoot there again this year.

The Prince of Wales has only a small family party staying with him at Sandringham, but Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Victoria, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are expected shortly. There will be a shooting party, the last of the season, during the next ten days.

Lord Bridport, who is now much better, is shortly to go to Sicily for a few months, and will not again be in waiting on the Queen until the Court is at Windsor in May. Lord Bridport is now the only Conservative Lord-in-Waiting. He holds his post permanently, quite irrespective of Ministerial changes—an arrangement which was made on the death of the late Lord Torrington, who enjoyed the same privilege.

It is not all rose-water to be a successful and often-encored pianist. Shortly before he finished his series of recitals at St. James's Hall, Herr Emil Sauer showed a personal friend his fingers, the tips of which were all cut and torn with constant and frequently terrific contact with the keyboard. Herr Sauer, who is due back in London in February, went off in haste to fulfil Continental engagements at Buda-Pesth, Dresden, and elsewhere.

Once on a time, for my many sins, I was sent by my chief to an amateur dramatic performance. The experience was beneficial. I took a solemn pledge to abstain from amateur dramatics, and riveted my resolution with many and strange oaths. Pledges are made to be broken. I have fallen, but I am ready to justify my fall. The apple that tempted me was a ticket for a representation of "The Gondoliers" by the boys of

the Grocers' Company's School at Hackney Downs. A more enjoyable evening than that I spent on Saturday listening to and looking at these young gentlemen has but rarely come my way. The acting was much above the amateur average, thanks to the careful coaching of the head-master; and the singing, when one got used to the shrill boyish trebles, made one feel quite young again. Piquant in the extreme was the self-possession of the little chap (Master F. O. Harriss) who acted Casilda; "her" love-making was almost Yankee in its level-headedness. Master A. F. de Wael, the Duchess, was curiously reminiscent, both in face and voice, of an old provincial favourite, Miss Kate Forster; Master O. Smith danced nimbly, and gave his humorous lines with much unction; and Masters H. A. Knott and F. L. Mitchell made two "highly respectable" gondoliers. Mr. Ernest Newton, who must have spent a good deal of time in drilling the boys in the not too easy music of "The Gondoliers," conducted a capable little orchestra.

Every Christmas as it comes sees the great *Truth* Toy Show grow and flourish exceedingly, until it seems as if the Albert Hall in all its generous rotundity of proportion would, in the end, prove inadequate to house the daintily dressed crowds of round-eyed dollies that annually



"TRUTH" TOY SHOW AT THE ALBERT HALL.
Photo by Russet and Son, Baker Street, W.

flock there. Mr. Labouchere has had inspirations, but none that have thriven more prosperously than this. There are 27,000 children, cr thereabouts, in the hospitals, workhouse schools, and various orphanages of this big city, and a fair distribution takes place among them of the hundreds of home-dressed dolls and toys variously sent by readers of *Truth* for this kindly object. Mrs. Horace Voules and the ladies assisting her had their hands literally full this year, not only in erecting six huge pyramids of dolls, which quite occupied the central area, but in arranging also for the removal and transit of these nursery goddesses to their respective destinations. All conditions of the wax and sawdust family were represented, from Pierrette to Princess. Perhaps the most original idea was that carried out by Mrs. Arliss in her rendering of "Iris," a large, flaxen-haired nymph in pale-green robes, around whose head a most original rainbow appeared, the circle in question being composed of nearly two hundred liliputian ladies, each dressed in the seven prismatic colours. Maypole dancers made charming groups, and babies of extremely realistic parts contested honours with laced and ruffled duchesses. A pretty sight, truly—but prettier still when eager arms and little pale faces received with joy these tributes from unknown friends, could we but be there to see it.

Although the banjo is still increasing in popularity among English people, and is being more and more recognised as a source of legitimate music—differing as much, when properly played, from the ear-splitting strains of the itinerant “nigger” on the Margate sands as the “five-finger exercises” of the juvenile pianist differ from the execution of a Paderewski—still, its introduction on this side of the Atlantic is but as yesterday, compared with its long life in its native country, America. Hence, it is not surprising to find that, even to-day, such a thing as concerted playing on the banjo is a comparative rarity over here, especially among amateurs. As most of my readers are probably aware, all the large Universities of America have their banjo bands, and defray most of their athletic club expenses by the takings of their concerts. Following in the footsteps of their Transatlantic cousins, the undergraduates of Cambridge University have organised a club to promote concerted playing on the banjo, mandoline, and guitar. The club rooms are situated in the Petty Cury, the most central position in Cambridge, and are thus convenient of access for members of all colleges. In these rooms all the business of the club is transacted, and the practice of the “orchestra” held. Despite the fact that the club was only started last October, it now boasts of over thirty members, of whom more than two-thirds are proficient exponents of their respective instruments. The club gave their first public concert in Cambridge early in December, and

Dr. Conan Doyle contrived to get into America, no doubt by some singular piece of tact, without giving vent to all his impressions of the country. That he could come away again, however, and not be asked what he thought of everything, from the railway coaches to the American girl, was, of course, hopeless. He speaks in terms of the highest praise of Cousin Jonathan’s womankind, her grace, her brightness, her complete charm, and he extends his praise to the other half of the American people as well. He evidently closed with the American interviewers on a sensible basis, for having praised in general, he was at liberty to criticise in detail. For example, he expressed his wonder at the sublime disregard which American railway corporations have for what on this side of the Atlantic would be called the rights of the public. He is not the first English visitor who has marvelled how Americans let the railways hack up their streets, or block them for days on end, without so much as a grumble.

One specially bold thing Dr. Doyle did, and that was to express a distinct preference for one American city over all the others. His preference was for Philadelphia, which selection emphasises his courage, since it is the one city that all the others, from Boston in the east to San Francisco in the west, regard as dullest, least go-ahead, least American. After this, Philadelphia will be able to lift her head among

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H. Jenner-Fust. M. O. Hunter. A. Hills.

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G. L. Greig. H. A. Game. C. Wilkinson.



L. R. Day. F. H. Schwann. F. W. Beckford. H. Eltringham. A. W. Dentith. J. F. Marshall. C. H. Shuter. Prince Charson. E. A. Powell.
C. A. Henry.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BANJO AND MANDOLINE ORCHESTRA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LORD, CAMBRIDGE.

made a highly successful *début*, the selections given by the orchestra—of which we append a photograph—fairly “bringing down the house”—in a strictly metaphorical sense, of course. Several arrangements for next year are being made, one-of-the-principal being a performance at Oxford University. The Committee are Messrs. H. Eltringham and F. W. Beckford, of Trinity College, and Messrs. C. H. Shuter and W. Watson, of Jesus College. Mr. A. W. Dentith, of Trinity Hall, and Mr. J. F. Marshall, of King’s College, are musical director and secretary respectively.

Despite the coming shadow of Christmas, there were a large number of people to hear operatic music in Queen’s Hall on Dec. 22. They were not disappointed; for the singing was of a high order, and Mr. William Carter’s choir was excellent. The concert commenced with Mascagni’s “Cavalleria Rusticana,” given, one must confess, “with maimed rites,” but interesting and enjoyable, nevertheless. Miss Ella Russell, as Santuzza, was in fine voice, and imparted great dramatic power into her work; Miss Marie Hooton had her chance, and used it; Mr. Ben Davies, in “Cavalleria Rusticana” and “Pagliacci,” showed how well he can sing opera. Mr. Andrew Black needs no compliment to assure him of the satisfaction which the audience expressed with his singing throughout the concert. Miss Agnes Janson cannot help being dramatic, so she was quite at home in the operas, and Mr. Edward Branscombe was likewise efficient. Mr. Carrodus led the orchestra, which rendered the famous “Intermezzo” as well as it could be given. The conductor, Mr. William Carter, was energetic and careful.

her sisters, even to smile on level terms with Chicago, and that, verily, is saying a tremendous deal. Perhaps it was in Chicago that Dr. Doyle was tackled by the interviewer who wanted to know if he had found America fruitful of ideas for possible books. Dr. Doyle got round that very neatly—“hadn’t had time to look for ideas.” There appears to have been a widespread curiosity to know whether “Sherlock Holmes” is dead or whether he only sleepeth. Dr. Doyle held out no hope of resurrecting the lamented detective, and did not even reserve the right to change his decision. But, altogether, the Americans seem to have been uncommonly pleased with the author of “The White Company,” and he with them, and it’s said he is going back some day to see more of the country.

Robert Louis Stevenson’s uncle, Dr. George William Balfour, of Edinburgh, who so plainly expressed his doubts with regard to the novelist’s death, has held many public appointments at Auld Reekie, and has also written or edited various medical treatises. He claims to speak with authority respecting diseases of the heart. A son of his was formerly in practice at Presteigne, a little town just over the borders of Radnorshire, whither Mr. H. Rider Haggard used often to go for a bout of shooting.

Miss Dora Thorne, the new member of the German Reed Company, who has made quite a hit as Mary Truelove, the Maid of the Inn, in Messrs. Malcolm Watson and Walter Slaughter’s burletta, “Melo-dramania,” comes fresh from the comic opera boards, having quite lately been included in the cast of “Little Christopher Columbus” at the Lyric.

[Continued on page 477.]

"MY FACE IS MY FORTUNE, SIR," SHE SAID.

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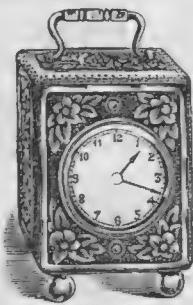


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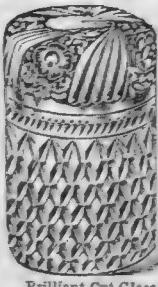


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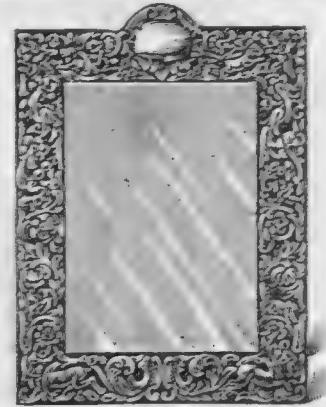
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HOW SHOULD STOUT LADIES DRESS?

Some considerable controversy has been going on in one of the American fashion magazines on this subject, started by the threatened inundation of crinolines.

Fancy a fat lady in a crinoline! Or, better still, fancy ten fat ladies in ten fat crinolines, with, say, five a-side in a none too fat omnibus!

The Yankee humorist says: "A fat lady can beat a fat man: she can stick a stiletto-like pin through her head till it comes out the other side and holds on her bonnet, but the fat man can't." Let's have those ten pins to complete the picture of our ten crinolines. Would we of the sterner sex not like to "lynch" the fiend who invented mountain hats and feathers for front rows in theatres? Blondin can walk across Niagara on a tight-rope, but can he walk a theatre corridor with three ladies' trains in front of him? The fashion miscreant and the barbed wire inventor have much to answer for. One fashion paper argues that if the portly lady adds a little slashing of light on a dark background, artistically and judiciously, it has the effect of *apparently* reducing her size by half a stone. How ludicrous all this seems! What is a seven-pounds *imitation* reduction? We have known Mr. Russell, the eminent Specialist on Corpulency, reduce a lady eleven pounds in seven days, and not an *imitation* reduction, but an absolute fact, at a cost of probably less than is paid to the "faking" dressmaker. Those who are acquainted with his methods, or have read his work, "Corpulency and the Cure," can bear us out that he talks with as glib unconcern of fourteen-pound, twenty-eight-pound, and even half-hundredweight reductions of unhealthy waste accumulations as a steamboat stoker would talk of coal. The dressmaker simply attempts to hide the disease-creating adipose carried about by the unfortunate victim to obesity, whereas Mr. Russell (of Woburn House, 27, Store Street, London, W.C.) aims to remove the cause, and thus impart health. Of course, no lady likes the brute of a man who enters into a crusade against tight lacing in a blunt common-sense way; but he is, however, right when he claims that tight stays with *embonpoint* is suicidal, especially when a few doses of a most pleasant, agreeable, and exhilarating tonic, made entirely from herbs, will reduce one's weight so easily, with a corresponding

improvement of health and strength, and with it that bright eye and healthy complexion which we all like to see in a lady. If our roof leaks and lets the rain in, we can shelter ourselves from it by opening an umbrella; but if we get the slater to stop the cause, he is the true benefactor, and not the umbrella-maker. So it is with the reducer of fat and the dressmaker. The fair sex begin to see that he is their benefactor; he does not ruthlessly rip up the bodice, like uncouth Dr. Abernethy; he is better informed, for he actually knows that in twenty-four hours that identical inimical appendage will be in a state of subjugation. In other words, a dangerously tight lacing on Monday will be slack by Tuesday, after taking three simple doses of his mixture. "Has one to starve oneself?" asked a lady once. Not at all, for it is a singular fact that one eats more under his treatment.

It is perhaps not singular if we investigate. A fat man is unhealthy—he is, in fact, diseased. As the disease is being cured the organs become healthy, the patient is more buoyant, and takes more exercise and requires more food (it is also traceable to other reasons without exercise). Then, again, with stilt-like high heels, fashion—well, I think we had better drop this theme; we shall get into hot water with our fair readers—we are married. We generally get the old bachelor editor to write on these subjects; he is not a bit afraid of women, as he calls them.

But, seriously, if any lady—or gentleman as far as that goes—wishes to reduce their weight, we commend them to Mr. Russell's work, "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), which is published at Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., and only costs 6d. in stamps, post free. But to revert to the subject of crinolines, honestly we are pleased to see the really sensible and steadfast way in which ladies have made their standpoint, and we suggest that they should have a medium of their own to rule the fashions to their own liking, and not be the victims of the profit-seeking professional modiste.

The following are extracts from other journals:

GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PERSONS.

It does not follow that a person need to be the size of Sir John Falstaff to show that he is unhealthily fat. According to a person's height so

should his weight correspond, and this standard has been prepared by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., so that anyone can see at a glance whether or no he is too stout. People in the past have been wont to regard fatness as constitutional, and something to be laughed at rather than to be prescribed for seriously; but this is evidently an error, as persons whose mode of life has caused a certain excess of flesh require treating for the cause of that excess, not by merely stopping further increase, but by removing the cause itself. It is marvellous how this "Pasteur" and "Koch" of English discoverers can actually reduce as much as fourteen pounds in seven days with a simple herbal remedy. His book (256 pages) only costs 6d., and he is quite willing to afford all information to those sending as above. It is really well worth reading.—*Forget-me-Not.*

CURIOUS EFFECTS IN THE TREATMENT OF CORPULENCY.

The old-fashioned methods of curing obesity were based upon the adoption of a sort of starvation dietary. Would any reader now believe that by the new orthodox treatment a stout patient can take almost double his usual quantity of food, and yet decrease one or two pounds of fat daily for a time? This is very singular, and directly hostile to previous opinions held by medical authorities, yet it is a fact. The author of this comparatively new system in question explains that the person under treatment is restored to a healthier state in the small space of twenty-four hours. Having lost probably two pounds of superfluous deposit, the organs display great activity, and more food is required. By standing on a weighing-machine the proof of reduction is incontrovertibly shown daily. In serious cases a five-pound to ten-pound weekly loss is registered, until the person approaches his or her normal weight; then the diminution becomes less pronounced, the muscles firmer, the brain more active, less sleep is desired, and finally a cure effected. Compiled reprints of medical and other journals and interesting particulars, including the "recipe," which is quite harmless, can be obtained from Mr. Russell, of 27, Store Street, London, W.C., by enclosing 6d. stamps.—*Dublin Weekly Freeman*, Nov. 24, 1894.

BOVRIL IS ABSOLUTELY THE MOST PERFECT FOOD KNOWN.

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MORE
NOURISHING
THAN
ORDINARY
MEAT EXTRACT



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UNEQUALLED AS A WINTER BEVERAGE.
UNSURPASSED FOR CULINARY PURPOSES.
ABSOLUTELY THE MOST PERFECT FOOD KNOWN.

When I have the time to spare I am addicted to frequenting Victoria Station, what time the mail train departs for Paris in the morning. I like to see who is leaving London, and to have a chat with genial Mr. Thorne, the American representative of the L. C. and D. R. Some few days back Mr. Thorne asked me when I was going over, and his question recalling certain memories of the "Gay City," I answered "To-morrow," and went home to pack up and tell my creditors to call on me in two days' time. I know by experience that nobody need be dull in Paris, and that is more than can be said of London, much as I love it. So it happened that I paid a hurried visit to the Empire to see "On Brighton Pier," and departed on the following day. The sea was raging in the Channel; but I didn't mind that in the least—until we were just off Calais Harbour, when I joined the majority of my fellow men, and remained *hors de combat* until the steadiness of the boat hinted that we had reached the long-desired haven, where the billows cease from troubling and the stewards are at rest. Dover and Calais is the only possible route in the winter-time, and, even then, I wish the Channel would freeze, so that one might go over in a sleigh or on skates.

Of course, Paris was in a state of excitement about the New Year. Why, I have never been able to make out, but the inevitable stalls crowded the streets from the Madeleine to the end of the Boulevard Voltaire, and further down still, for anything I know to the contrary. Everybody seemed to be in the streets and a good temper, the hawkers were busy, and the cabs and carriages made life a burden. "Unless you make haste, Monsieur, I must run over you," said a coachman to me, as I crossed the Rue Louis le Grand. He spoke more in sorrow than in anger, and he meant every word he said. Mrs. Chant is the heroine of the hour. She is sold in pennyworths along the boulevards in the shape of an indiarubber bladder, which you inflate; before collapsing she squeaks. I saw the same things for sale in London. Lady bicyclists I noticed in profusion, all in the costume which cynics call "rational." I caught sight of Otero, who has just returned from Russia, I believe, and who goes to the Riviera in a week or so, to give a series of concerts. I hear she is practising assiduously, and preparing a budget of new songs and dances. She will probably return to the Folies-Bergère in about February or March.

The ancient ladies who sell flowers on the boulevards evidently have a better policy than honesty. If you are from the provinces, they will do you for all you have about you; if you are from England, for all you are worth; and if you are from America—well, take a private detective with you. I am delighted to have been able to get the better of one of these sharks a day or so ago. I was on the Boulevard des Italiens when I caught sight of some beautiful flowers. I went up to the old woman who was selling them, and asked, in a mixture of French and English, for four roses, at the same time taking out a handful of silver and gold coins for her to select payment. The temptation was too great for the old lady. She took two separate franc pieces, and then put them back and took a five-franc piece. To help her along I then selected two more roses and a small bunch of violets. The honest market-woman then put the five-franc piece back, selected a louis, and offered me two francs and some halfpence change. Then it was that I spoke to her firmly, in the best French I am capable of, took back the louis, returned the flowers, and departed. I confess I could not understand the old lady's parting remarks. They must have been couched in *argot*, like some of Yvette Guilbert's songs.

A few weeks ago one of my contemporaries published a plea for *cafés* in London, and every time I am on the boulevards of Paris the reasonableness of the suggestion becomes more and more apparent. The amount of amusement derivable from a half-hour's sojourn in the land of small round tables is astonishing. There is a sense of leisure and independence about *cafés* that London painfully lacks. Be it in the East or the West that we pause to eat and drink, we have to resume our labours at once or sit in the room where other people are eating. To be sure, our climate is a bad second to that of Paris, but we could have awnings up and be oblivious to the weather. The stress of our London life is shown by the fact that our writers and thinkers cannot live in it. They prefer the suburbs or the country, where there is every facility for thought and rest. I believe that *cafés*, if introduced into London, would calm the pulse of the great city to a very noticeable degree. To show that I am in earnest in backing up my contemporary's suggestion, I undertake to spend an hour a day at any *café* in London that may be started within a hundred yards' radius of my chambers. Provided always, and it is hereby agreed and declared, that the proprietor of the said *café* shall place me upon his free list and give me a commission on the takings from friends whom I may introduce.

In London the week before Christmas is a time of theatrical depression, while on Christmas Eve it scarcely pays to keep a house open. In Paris, on the contrary, the business is immense. On Christmas Eve, when the Folies-Bergère had been open for half an hour, there was not a seat to be had for love or money. Many of the other houses were similarly packed. On Christmas Day the houses were filled for the *matinées*, although the boulevards were nearly deserted. People seem to come up from the country for Christmas, for the houses are not thronged by their ordinary *clientèle*. "I've never seen these people before," said the manager of one of the big houses when I looked in at the *matinée*, and found breathing-space at a big premium. Of course, there was midnight service on Christmas Eve, and most of those who attended would seem to have made a night of it. It was late when

I went to bed, but until the morning the streets resounded with the tramp of feet, the bustle of cabs, and the choruses of popular songs. Sleep was out of the question. One could but say wicked words and be thankful that Christmas comes but once a year.

The Parisians celebrated, on Dec. 14, the thousandth representation of Gounod's "Faust" in their usual felicitous fashion. After the performance of the opera, which was first produced some thirty-five



years ago, the curtain rose and disclosed a tableau designed by the sculptor Falguière. The likeness to Gounod was very striking, and the figure of Fame was most graceful in its attitude of publishing the renown of the great composer.

I always think that the poor little word "only" is the worst-used part of speech in the language. Certainly, no word is so often misplaced, and that, too, by the best writers. For example, I take the first instalments of two new stories, Mr. Hardy's "Simpletons" and John Oliver Hobbes's "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickham." A cursory reading of these opening chapters—not with any of the minuteness demanded of the unfortunate examination candidate, who has to pick out of set passages errors in the use of English—showed that Mr. Hardy misplaced "only" five times in the course of some 13,250 words, while John Oliver Hobbes is guilty of the same error seven times in 5800 words, or once in about every 800 words. Then consider the poems that have been written on "only" something or other. Why doesn't some rhymer rise up and write a dirge on the misfortunes of the word, and in some such way as this—

Only a poem in "Only,"
Only another to bore,
"Only" can never feel lonely.
For want of a bard to adore?

From a lady friend who, like many of us, indulges in a "Château d'Espagne," only that hers is of a sufficiently substantial nature to enable her to spend her winters there, I hear a curious story of cookery. Eggs in the English fashion, lightly boiled, were an item at the breakfast-table for which the soul of her husband longed, but morning after morning these homely delicacies appeared at table, despite all remonstrances, as hard as bullets. So a message was at length sent to the cook by the master that if the eggs appeared again in a hardened state he should really have to order the execution of the delinquent. Yet this terrible threat notwithstanding, the excellent productions of the real Spanish hens came to table hard as the nether millstone, and after them appeared the weeping cook, who entreated for mercy. She had boiled them for more than two hours, and could not get them soft!

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

New Year! 1895! These divisions of time are purely arbitrary, and yet they appeal to us as if there were something cabalistic in their mere numbers. Even as the astrologers of old deduced the future of a man's days from the positions of Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, Mars, without for a moment pausing to inquire how the planets came to be labelled with the names of heathen gods, and what reason there was for supposing that their influence (if any) was that ascribed to the heathen god after whom they were named—even so we attach a sacred significance to divisions of time arbitrary and almost accidental. If one had asked an astrologer of the Middle Ages point-blank who or what Venus was, he would probably have answered, "A demon, who was worshipped by the heathen as goddess of beauty." Yet he would have worked out the influence of the planet Venus in a client's horoscope with as devout a belief in her control as might the veriest pagan of Paphos.

So, too, the average man will readily admit that the First of January is an arbitrary day of an arbitrary month, which did not always begin the year, and does not now in many countries. Yet custom drives him on that arbitrary day, rather than on any other, to send in his tender for paving a certain section of a place that shall be nameless. Good resolutions he makes, if ever, in the more or less early morning of Jan. 1, and breaks them, as a rule, in the more or less early afternoon of the same date

It is the same impulse to attach fictitious importance to these merely arbitrary divisions of time that induces men to look for changes about the end of a century, and makes some silly persons rant about the Millennium, and others chatter about "decadence" and "*fin-de-siècle*." Now, in the first place, it is generally admitted that our accepted era began after—some years after—the event that is supposed to mark its commencement. Then, again, our habit of reckoning time by solar years and centuries, though convenient, is obviously not necessary. Many other methods have been tried. Our ragged irregularity of months, our clumsy leap-year interpolation, with its still clumsier Gregorian correction—how many people will realise that 1900 is *not* a leap-year?—is an offence to every person with a symmetrical mind. Yet to introduce the sham and shoddy symmetry of the French Revolutionary Calendar would be far more offensive to a sound taste.

I have a notion that a new and useful practice might be to form bad resolutions on New Year's Day. Let us resolve sternly on getting up or not getting up, as the case may be—that we will never refuse a drink, never smoke moderately; that we will frequent music-halls and theatres on six nights a week, with Wednesday and Saturday *matinées*; eat the indigestible, drink the vintages; jeer at all philanthropy, and scoff at all seriousness; close our pockets to the appeals of charity and indigence; and, in fact, live an entirely selfish and reprehensible life from this day forth. A day so begun would probably, by the natural reaction, end up in Exeter Hall, in a pious orgie of good young men quaffing temperance beverages—and no headache the next morning. Merely cholera.

For the chief relish of vice is in the way it stands out, lurid but bright, from the dull background of our conventional and habitual virtues. To him who never goes to bed sober the nightly toddy assumes the prosaic and virtuous air of the good man's gruel. Only a generally sober audience could applaud, or even endure without contributing half-bricks, the customary "booze" ballad of the halls. Men must be almost total abstainers who rapturously repeat some refrain of the following nature—

Oh, I got "on," and you got tight, and awfully screwed he got,
And Jones was bad, and Smith was worse, and Brown was worst of the lot;
We drank till we couldn't shut our hands, we drank till we burst our shoes,
For we all got jolly beastly blind, along of the blooming booze!

I dedicate these lines, with best New Year wishes, to the songsters of 1895. I do not think that the school of lyrists to whom we owe the account of the conflagration at the Old Dun Cow, or the exploits of the Rowdy-Dowdy, Ricketty-Racketty, and other convivially named bands of roysterers, will be able to invent anything more entirely stupid and more typically vulgar. With a good jingling tune, and a white hat, a red nose, and a hoarse voice, some favourite singer should make a great success with "The Big Drunk Boys," as this effusion may be called. I present the title also free of charge.

As for the verses, there are plenty of poets who will do them for half-a-crown and a soda-and-milk; and the music will make itself.

MARMITON.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

In the course of a day or two we shall be able to study the entries for the Spring Handicaps; but we can do little good until the weights have been apportioned. For the next few weeks Major Egerton, Mr. Mainwaring, Mr. W. J. Ford, and Mr. Dorling will be puzzling their brains over form, and, it must be admitted, they generally puzzle us all quite enough by their handiwork. At the same time, handicappers are often caught napping. Cloister's weight in the Grand National last year is a case in point. So, too, was the giving of None the Wiser bottom-weight for the City and Suburban.

I have been told the reason why some of our jockeys die so poor is because they make arrangements whereby they have to ride the horses belonging to the stables they are attached to practically for nothing. This should not be, and I think the National Hunt and the Jockey Club should bar contracting out, as the labourer is worthy of his hire, especially in a calling in which the risks are so many. I would do away with the giving of presents in any shape or form; but I would insist on a jockey being credited with his fees, winning or losing, as the case may be. I am very glad to hear that poor Sensier left his widow and family well provided for. He was a careful man, and I believe he belonged to the non-speculative school of jockeys, which will account for his having left a good round sum of money.

One of the best-known figures in steeplechasing circles is that of Mr. Arthur Yates, who owns and trains some good jumpers, and who often acts as steward at many of the South Country Meetings. Mr. Yates was for many years the best gentleman rider in England. He was born at Bishop's Sutton in 1841. His father was a great hunting man, and it is not surprising to hear that Mr. Arthur Yates was put on a pony before he could walk. At the age of fifteen he hunted his father's stag-hounds, which showed great sport to the good people of Hampshire. Mr. Yates rode in races for the first time in 1858 at



Photo by Hailey, St. John's Wood.

MR. ARTHUR YATES.

some local hunt steeplechases, and he won in the two races in which he rode. The new game had a great attraction for Mr. Yates, and a few years after this he rode a great deal; in fact, no gentleman rider has such a record. In 1872 Mr. Yates rode sixty-seven winners, and headed the list also in 1870 with fifty-three winners, in 1871 with thirty-two, and in 1873 with forty-one; and, strange to say, the majority of these were steeplechases. When Mr. Yates became too fat to ride, he took to training his own and his friends' horses, and he has had some good ones through his hands. Perhaps the three best steeplechasers Mr. Yates ever trained were his own horse Harvester, a horse owned by Mr. Gerard Leigh named Defence, and last though not least, Mr. Duff's Cloister, which won the Grand National with the record weight of 12 st. 7 lb. in 1893. Mr. Yates has just met with a severe loss by the death of his favourite jockey, Sensier, who was a real good fellow.

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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The first of the international Rugby matches will be played at Swansea next Saturday between Wales and England. This fixture is being looked forward to with peculiar interest. For two or three years past Welsh club football has been generally of a higher standard than English club football, although it is only two years since Wales gained her first victory over England on Welsh territory. Yet this one fact has had an immense influence on the game. No sooner had Wales beaten England than the leading English clubs began to adopt the Welsh formation of four three-quarter backs, and to imitate as closely as possible the methods and stratagems of the Taffies.

When England at Birkenhead last January administered a crushing defeat to Wales, people began to say that the pupil was much cleverer than his master—that Englishmen could beat Welshmen at their own game. There were circumstances, however, connected with the Birkenhead match that show the result to have been largely a fluke, for England, with practically the same team, made a miserable display against Ireland and Scotland. English clubs, however, have stuck steadfastly to the Welsh game, and are fast becoming equal to their teacher. We have only to look to some recent international club football to make sure of this. Blackheath, for instance, defeated Cardiff not long ago with comparative ease, and a little later, when the Londoners visited Newport, they were only defeated by the crack Welshmen by a single goal. Then the Barbarians, a scratch team mainly composed of South of England players, had a successful tour in Wales; so that, altogether, the difference between English and Welsh club football is very slight.

The Welsh team to do duty next Saturday is admitted, even by Welsh critics, to be a good one, though hardly so compact as in former years. When Wales won the international championship, two years ago, the success was largely due to the fact that nine or ten of the team were members of the Newport club, and, of course, had the advantage of knowing each other's play. Combination has always been a feature of modern Welsh teams. This season the Welsh Fifteen are more of a mixed lot, and the honours are fairly well distributed over the four leading clubs—Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, and Llanelli. The English Fifteen appear to me to be an unusually powerful combination. I feel perfectly certain that the introduction of Welsh methods to English football has done us an immense amount of good. With the larger area to choose players from, the Englishmen are individually more brilliant, and if their combination is in any way like that of the South team against the North, I think England ought to win with something in hand.

The first important point to engage the attention of Association players this year will be the first round of the competition proper for the Association Cup. The draw has already been made, so that the clubs already know what they have got to do before they can enter the next round. Many of the leading League clubs, more especially Everton and Sunderland, have escaped very lightly. As a matter of fact, the first round will be practically a walk-over for Sunderland, who have to meet Fairfield, the leaders of the Lancashire League, on the banks of the Wear. Everton require to travel to Southport to play the Central, a good club of the second or third-rate order. This match, too, is practically a gift for Everton. Several of the other leading clubs ought to win their ties without undue trouble. Liverpool, for instance, are sure to beat St. Peter's at Barnsley, Notts Forest should have no difficulty in bowling over St. Mary's at Southampton, while Preston North End have only to play up to their average form to defeat Luton Town.

All the other cup ties should see fairly good contests. One of the best of these will be played at Birmingham between Aston Villa and Derby County, but, with advantage of ground, the Villans ought to enter the next round. Darwen at home will probably triumph over Wolverhampton Wanderers. The Wolves have played a thoroughly bad game this season, and, although a First League club, have little chance of beating Darwen, a Second League team. Of the Southern clubs, I fancy Woolwich Arsenal has as good a chance as any, but even that is not a rosy one. They are asked to beat the Wanderers at Bolton, and though they may not succeed they may come very near it. Millwall Athletic have practically abandoned all hope of defeating Sheffield United, although they will have a good try.

Two well-matched clubs are brought together in the cup-ties when Small Heath meet West Bromwich Albion. The latter are well known cup-tie fighters, but if they defeat Small Heath at Birmingham they will accomplish what only one club has been able to do this season. I am afraid that Notts County, the cup-holders, will not go much higher in the competition after meeting Sheffield Wednesday. At Blackburn the Rovers ought to pass over the heads of Burton Wanderers without undue difficulty, and I shall not be surprised to see Newton Heath, a Second League team, defeat their visitors from Stoke. Middlesborough will probably survive another round at the expense of Chesterfield, and Burnley are almost certain to overthrow the United at Newcastle.

There is hardly any change to report in the struggle for the League championship. Everton and Sunderland are still leaders, and there is practically no difference between their positions. If Aston Villa had opened the season in anything like the form they are now displaying, there can hardly be any question that they would have given Everton and Sunderland a very hard race for honours. Even as things now stand, the Villans have an excellent chance of running into third place. Perhaps no club has made better progress than Sheffield Wednesday, which has

been slowly but surely working its way into a strong position. Another club which has been making rapid progress is Notts Forest. The Foresters had played very badly at the opening of the season, but their record for the past two months will compare very favourably with that of the best League clubs. Liverpool, although not quite at the bottom of the League, has the distinction of having won least matches. Its record up to date is two won, ten lost, and seven drawn. Wolverhampton Wanderers and Bolton Wanderers have also each lost ten matches, but Stoke can go one better, with eleven lost, three won, and three drawn.

CRICKET.

No record of sport would be complete without a reference to the first of the test matches between Mr. Stoddart's English team and Australia. This match was one of the most remarkable ever played in the history of the game. In the first place, the number of runs scored, 1514, is the highest total ever achieved in a first-class match; in the second place, the Australians in their first innings scored 586—a record total in international matches; and in the third place, England, after apparently being hopelessly out of it, won the match by the narrow majority of ten runs.

Taking the game all through, it is difficult to say which side had most of the luck, for fortune seemed first to favour one side and then the other. There can be no question that the Australians were lucky in getting the first of a perfect wicket, and, on the other hand, the Englishmen were unlucky in having to play on a wicket saturated with rain. It was not until the sixth and last day of the match that fortune veered round in favour of England. Australia required only 177 runs to win, and 112 of these were knocked off for two wickets. Then came the deluge, which so saturated the pitch that Peel and Briggs dismissed the last eight batsmen for 45 runs. When the news arrived in England, people would hardly credit it; and when it at last dawned upon them that the Old Country had achieved one of the most remarkable triumphs in the history of the game, the rejoicings were so universal that one might have thought a second Waterloo was won.

Among the features of this remarkable match may be mentioned an innings of 201 by Sid Gregory, and a century score of 161 by George Giffen, both in the first innings. A. Ward was the batting hero of the English side, with 75 and 117, while Brown, Brockwell, and Briggs—the three B's—all scored heavily. The second test match between England and Australia was begun on Saturday, and is still in progress.

Mr. J. Henry Jewell, the well-known sporting "Magpie" of the *Globe*, was born on Aug. 27, 1851. He was educated at the Stationers' School, of which he was one of the first scholars. In early days he developed a love of horse-racing, and, in choosing a profession, became, in 1873,

connection with the *Hour*. For that paper he did a great deal of sporting and dramatic work, while at the same time acting as secretary of the Amateur Athletic Club. From that year his ready pen has been rarely still. He has been a voluminous and varied contributor to many journals and magazines, and helped to found the Press Club. During the time he was working in conjunction with the late Charles Pardon and Arthur Gay Payne he got through an enormous amount of writing, but always found time to devote his attention to racing. In the early 'seventies he was a familiar figure at horse-races, boating events,

cricket matches, and boxing contests. When Mr. John Corlett gave up writing his letter to the *Glasgow News* under the signature of "Tam o' Shanter," Mr. Jewell took it up, and at the same time created the signature of "Rattle" in the *Glasgow Evening News*. During that time he was also travelling racing correspondent for the Press Association in Scotland. On returning to London, in 1889, he joined the staff of the *Globe* as sporting editor, and assumed the same responsible position on the *People*, on both of which papers he has succeeded in creating a reputation of his own. Under the signatures of "Magpie" and "Larry Lynx" he is well known to the sporting public, and the work he has done as an adviser and writer on sport speaks for itself. The back page of the *People* on Sundays tells its own story of Mr. Jewell's powers of organisation as a sporting editor.

Photo by J. E. Mayall, New Bond Street, W.

MR. J. HENRY JEWELL.



OLYMPIAN.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Now that the brief reign of King Santa Claus is practically a thing of the past—for another twelve months, at any rate—it behoved me to cease from following in the footsteps of the deposed monarch, and once more pay my devours to my rightful sovereign, Dame Fashion. After having neglected her for so long, it seemed to me advisable to humour her in every possible way; so, as I found her attention wholly devoted to the task of discovering some original fancy dresses, I forthwith plunged into the fray, and, in order to afford all the assistance in my power, made a special voyage of discovery to Mr. Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street, where previous experience had taught me that I was sure to find something which would be worthy of notice. For once, contrary to the general rule in this disappointing world, realisation came up to expectation, and, in fact, exceeded it, as was proved by one of the first costumes which met my approving gaze—a charming representation of a basket of the inevitable violets, which, in spite of the fact that they appear on every available portion of day and evening gowns alike, are so

ribbon matching those which are arranged in vandykes on the bodice. Nor must I forget a dainty little satchel of green satin, embroidered in mauve, which is slung over one of the mauve-gloved arms, and helps to complete the charming picture. As to the third sketch, it should meet with special favour in these days of the New Woman and the divided skirt, for it represents a "clowness" costume—if I may coin a word—in which very full pantaloons—*pardon me*, divided skirts—play a prominent part. They are fashioned of chiné brocade in a chintz design, little bouquets of pink roses being scattered over a tea-rose-yellow ground, and they are bunched up, pannier fashion, on the hips, and finished at the ankles with ruffles of white swansdown. The same soft trimming outlines the décolletage, and forms the shoulder-straps, there being no sleeves—here is a chance for those who have been compelled to hide beautiful arms under the huge balloons ordained by fashion—though at the elbow there is a puff of the brocade. The bodice of blue satin is richly embroidered with iridescent beads, and opens over a vest of brocade, frilled with white lace, the long, stiffened points reaching nearly to the ankles; and crowning all is a clown's peaked hat of white felt, on which a great dragon-fly has settled. No one could desire to



THE "MERVEILLEUSE" COSTUME.



A BASKET OF VIOLETS.



A "CLOWNESS."

daintily pretty that it is impossible to tire of them. This particular dress has a full skirt of eau-de-Nil satin, bordered with an enormously thick ruche, from which tiny clusters of violets peep out here and there, while three large bunches are placed diagonally across the skirt, constituting its sole trimming. The corselet bodice is entirely composed of fine gold braid, plaited basket fashion, a mass of violets rising above it and forming a most delightfully becoming setting for a white neck. Over the right shoulder is slung the basket handle, which is smartly tied up with pink satin ribbon, and a finishing touch is given by green silk stockings and pink satin shoes, bedecked with wee bunches of violets, this dainty foot-gear being one of the most important items, as the skirt terminates just above the ankles. Of course, any and every flower can be used, but I fancy that violets will come off first favourite, as they seem to have a knack of winning in the race for popularity just now.

Entirely different in character is the strikingly effective "Merveilleuse" costume, which is carried out in pale pink and green satin. The bodice, which is cut low, is in the former colour, fastening across the left side, which is draped with white lisso and filmy white lace, the same soft fabrics being caught on the left shoulder with a knot of green velvet ribbon, from whence they fall in graceful scarf fashion, leaving the arm quite bare. The gown opens in front over a petticoat of green satin, arranged with two vandyked flounces of lace, and is entirely bordered with an edging of dark-hued fur, while, to complete the effect, there is a hat of goodly dimensions, pink satin as to the outside and mauve on the inside, the trimming consisting of a nodding plume in shades of pink and mauve, which has attracted sundry gay-hued butterflies to itself, and bands of green velvet

have a more effective costume, but those who wish to show a different phase of the many-sided "New Woman" can indulge in another of Mr. Peter Robinson's costumes, in which tailor-made severity is the dominant feature. The material of which it is composed is royal-blue cloth, the skirt most artistically hand-painted with such designs as hansom cabs going at express speed, telegrams, golf sticks and balls, bicycles, &c., and the double-breasted, full-basqued coat bodice having wheel-shaped epaulettes of blue satin on which shine silver spokes, the multitudinous buttons with which it is fastened in front being also of silver. A soft felt hat is worn with this up-to-date costume, and a gun is slung over the shoulder. Sweet simplicity can go to the ball as "Cherry Ripe," attired in white satin, on which sprays of hand-painted cherries vie with branches of wonderfully realistic fruit, the black velvet bodice being crossed by bands of cherry-coloured velvet, while bunches of most tempting-looking cherries dangle from shoulders and waist and nestle in the hair. "Spring," too, can be impersonated clad in the palest leaf-green satin, with gauze draperies, on which painted flights of swallows and gorgeous butterflies disport themselves, and tiny pink roses form the trimming. But perhaps one of the most successful flower dresses is the "Cornflower," which has a skirt of white satin adorned with three graduated bands of green satin ribbon, the bodice of the darkest green satin being covered with a trellis-work of fine gold cord, and having basques of vivid cornflower-blue silk, the ragged edges giving the effect of the petals most successfully. The top portion of the sleeve is of the gold-covered satin fringed with silk, and a little cap of the same fabrics has an aureole effect of blue silk petals, which would be most becoming to a fair-haired wearer.

[Continued on page 485.]

PETER ROBINSON.

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THIS DAY AND DAILY.**

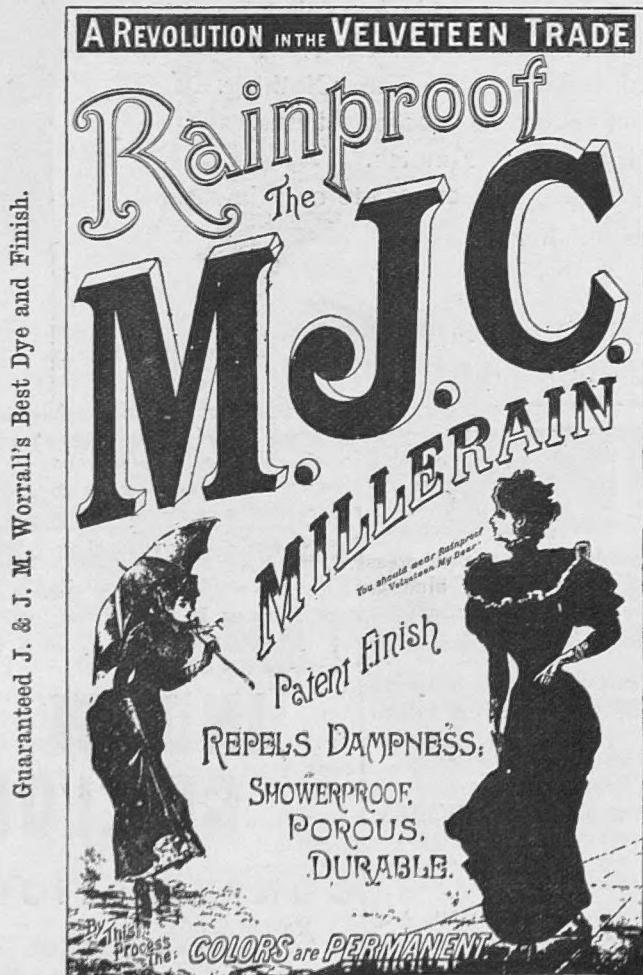
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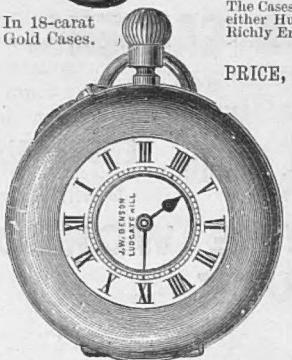
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is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly pre-

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MOST AGREEABLE TO TAKE.

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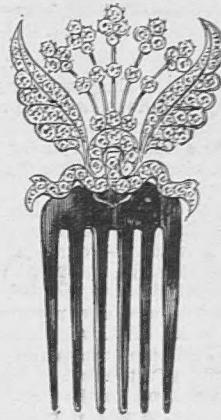
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Sold by all Chemists. 2s. 6d. a Box.

A "Pierrette" dress in yellow satin, trimmed with white swansdown and jet embroidery, and with vivid touches of scarlet introduced here and there, is effective and pretty, but one of Mr. Peter Robinson's latest and best ideas is a "Matchbox" costume, the foundation of white satin being almost entirely covered with a shower of matches and lights of every imaginable kind, from the diminutive wax vesta to the lengthy wax taper. The skirt has a border of real matchboxes, a variety being given by the productions of all the best-known makers being pressed into the service; and the bodice is, to all intents and purposes, composed of the paper coverings of the same. Anyway, it is both pretty and new, and the combination is not always obtainable—in conjunction—in a fancy-dress costume, for the wearers will sacrifice and suffer much for the sake of originality. Take, for example, the first-prize winner at the last Covent Garden ball, who, as the personification of "A Christmas Hamper," duly labelled and addressed to Sir Augustus Harris at Covent Garden (carriage paid), had encased herself in a wicker basket reaching to the ankles, the waist emerging from a casing of straw, the heads of sundry defunct geese hanging therefrom, strings of sausages forming the shoulder-straps, and a pheasant acting as headgear. Dancing was, of course, an impossible and forbidden delight to the wearer, but that was, naturally, a secondary consideration. A brave woman was the winner of the third prize, who most successfully represented a peacock, and proved that for once, at least, it could bring good fortune instead of bad luck. "Turkish Delight" provided the idea for the second prize, and wonderfully well was it carried out, the diamond and pearl ornaments which were worn with it being responsible for a great measure of its success. There is no doubt about it, fancy dresses make diamonds an absolute necessity, and we may rejoice and be glad, therefore, that there are such things as "Faulkner" diamonds, by means of which we can make as brave a show as anyone at an expenditure of shillings in place of pounds, and no one be any the wiser withal. These same "Faulkner" diamonds are wonderful things, as I hinted to you last week; and



whether for the special purpose of making yourself gorgeous for some fancy ball, or for the sake of obtaining one of the dainty lace-pins, brooches, or bangles for which Mr. A.O. Faulkner is noted, you should make it your business to pay an early visit to his new and enlarged premises at "Kimberley House," 98, The Quadrant, Regent Street, where you will just now have the advantage of choosing from all manner of novel and pretty designs, which were specially brought out for the edification of Christmas shoppers. Of these, two of the most fascinating are the crescent-and-swallow brooch, which is one of the most effective corsage ornaments which could possibly be obtained for five pounds, and the charming little hair-comb, for ten shillings less. Though I described them last week, I cannot resist illustrating them for you this week.

Now, I must give you a hint which should make you hasten your visit to Mr. Peter Robinson's, for, in addition to the attractions of the fancy-dress costumes, there is a great sale now in progress, which will provide congenial occupation for a perfect army of bargain-hunters during the whole of January, though, of course, as is the case with all sales, first come best served. Think, for instance, of the demand which there will be for some six hundred tailor-made jackets, well cut and perfectly finished, which have been, one and all, marked down to 15s. 6d., though their original prices ranged from one to three guineas; and many of them are lined with silk. Blouses of the serviceable velveteen, or the more fragile crépon and mousseline de soie, are here obtainable from half a guinea upwards, and tea and morning gowns, commencing at the same low price, will be the occasion for much rejoicing in the feminine camp. As to the underclothing—a department of which Mr. Peter Robinson always makes a special feature—the prices are now so low as to be positively surprising. One example is quite enough to prove this—spun-silk combinations, with either high or low necks, at 5s. 11d. Mr. Peter Robinson is also holding a sale at his Regent Street premises, Nos. 256 to 264, and to this the same remarks hold good. Among the most noteworthy items in the catalogue are some beautifully cut crépon skirts, lined with linnette, and priced at one guinea, these, with a pretty blouse, making a charming and useful costume. The same favourite material, adorned with jet and ribbon trimmings, and, moreover, lined with silk, are reduced from five guineas to 59s. 6d., and, best of all, perhaps, there is a goodly stock of tailor-made coats and skirts, the former lined with silk and finished with velvet collars, which are now priced at 52s. 6d. There are scores of hats and bonnets—every one *chic* and novel, as are all Mr. Peter Robinson's productions—at half a guinea and a guinea each; and as for the cosy fur-lined capes, handsomely trimmed with Thibet fur, there is no woman, I verily believe, who could resist them at their present price of three and a half guineas: they were originally double that amount.

FLORENCE.

"THE ORIENT," AT OLYMPIA.

Various records were broken at Olympia on Boxing Day. In the first place, probably no entertainment ever before took so much money at the doors in one day. Enormous as Olympia is, covering the area of a small suburb, with its multitudinous grounds and departments, yet the time came when the management had to reluctantly refuse admission to the throngs of holiday-makers clamouring at the doors. In the next place, another record must have been fractured by the vastness and the endlessness of the entertainment provided, all for the one initial price paid on entering. Taught, or rather confirmed, in their opinion by their now matured experience, that with so huge a house and so vast a capacity for accommodating the public they cannot spend too great a sum on their attractions, Mr. Joseph Lyons and his colleagues on the directorate have heaped an Ossa of splendour upon a Pelion of spectacle, forming a scaling-ladder thereby to reach the loftiest heights of public estimation. At their instigation, Mr. Bolossy Kiralfy has let himself go with a prodigality almost reckless in the production of the stage pageant, and it was quite a mathematical feat to keep count of the number of times he was, during the two performances, called before the four-acre plot of curtain to bow his acknowledgments to the enthusiastic audiences. The spectacle rises in the East and sets in the West, the first scene being laid in Constantinople, in the Palace of the Emperor Manuel II. The scheme of the spectacle is that a British Ambassador from the Court of Henry V. is sent on a mission to the East. The mission he has received from Mr. Bolossy Kiralfy is of supreme moment, and that mission is, of course, to go into such countries, to meet such races, and to get into such scrapes, as may enable him, Kiralfy, to put on scenes of barbaric splendour, of magnificent movement, of marvellous colour, and of gorgeous pomp and circumstance. At the very outset those who follow his steps find themselves in the Emperor Manuel's palace, in the company of a throng of pages and dependents, guards, nobles and ladies, which suggests that the Emperor had a good eye for beauty in the selection of his retinue. Tribute is paid to the well-known etiquette of Courts by some pretty ballets, and the audience rose as one man to applaud the effect which shortly afterwards followed. The stage, after being practically emptied, is suddenly swarmed by a rush from the wings on both sides of a myriad of dancers and other performers, in colours which suggest a rainbow smashed into fragments. It is a brilliant device for exhibiting in the most striking manner the immensity of Olympia's stage army. Upon leaving Constantinople, the Ambassador, foreseeing the Egyptian Question of a later century, is found exercising his diplomacy in a desert near Cairo, with the Pyramids in the background—a bold and striking scene, the sombreness of which throws into strong relief the gaiety and brightness of those parts of the pageant which here enact themselves. The Ambassador is disguised as a Turkish merchant, and is, of course, promptly captured by a horde of Bedouin Arabs, who carry him and his retinue to Fermirzah, "where the King pays high prices for white slaves of good appearance." Now, although even Macaulay's schoolboy could not find Fermirzah on any standard map, Mr. Kiralfy insists on its reality. Without stopping to consider whether he is attempting to lure the archaeologists into a discussion which would not be without its effects on the gate-money, it may at once be said that the kingdom of Fermirzah, as resurrected on this stage, is an imposing collection of temples and palaces, tenanted by lovely little white-faced, golden-haired savages, fine, strapping white-shouldered Amazons, and funny Fetish-men, who can dance well enough to send Olympia audiences wild with delight. It is a daring excursion into the beauties which the strange and the bizarre can be made to yield under the will of skilful operators. The great copper ornaments, the hideous idols, the weird altars of the snake-worshippers, and the barbarous opulence generally, mingle with the enormous palms and the receding landscape into a vast picture which lingers in the memory after many another striking view has faded away. The music, too, which has been bright and pretty hitherto, here rises into somewhat ambitious flights of descriptive harmony, with much clever orchestration. But to get back to the Ambassador. When he is brought captive to this kingdom, he seizes an early opportunity, like a true diplomatist, to set the entire nation by the ears, by killing the snake they worship. The Ambassador is, with many imposing religious rites, sentenced to death, and the elephant stands with its foot ready poised to crush his head, when, much to everybody's sincere disappointment, something happens to save the culprit. He has rescued the life of a princess, or has given some such familiar opportunity to the King to reprieve him, and no blood is spilled. However, more entrancing dancing assuages the poignancy of the audiences' regrets at this escape of the dull Ambassador; and perhaps it is as well that he lives to get back to England, for his return is the excuse for the introduction of yet more bewildering kicking by the accomplished ballet, and for a fine water pageant representing the progress of the City Companies' barges, with emblematical groups. This is but the barest outline of the spectacle and of its endless surprises and effects. For the other portions of Olympia—the arches and the walls of the Oriental city, the stalls, and the cosmopolitan views—that which Kiralfy has done for the stage, Signor R. Casanova, the artist-in-chief, has done for the other departments. The touch of his master-hand is to be seen at every step, and the work he has not done himself has been accomplished by his beautiful daughter. Mrs. Murray Cookesley, R.I., has arranged two of the most pleasing of the side-shows, the Seraglio Gardens and the Temple of Venus; while there are many other attractions.

LINCOLN SPRINGFIELD.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Dec. 29, 1894.
 Money continues to advance in value, day-to-day loans, which were recently at the nominal figure of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., being now quoted about 1 per cent., while the rate for discounting three months' bills, which hung so long at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., has now also hardened to the same figure. This does not imply, however, that the reign of a 2 per cent. Bank rate is nearing its end. Money is improving in value simply because it always does so at the end of the year, when funds are swept off the market for dividend and other payments, and are called in by the joint-stock banks for "window-dressing purposes," that is, in order to make their balance-sheets look as strong as possible by swelling the amount of actual cash in the tills. As soon as the turn of the year has come the dividends will be realised, the banks will again throw their surplus cash on Lombard Street, and the old ease will return, for gold has ceased to go abroad in any quantity, the Continental exchanges are rising, and large shipments of bullion from America are expected in January and February.

In the Bank return, the usual end-of-December movements are shown, and nothing else. Internal circulation has absorbed nearly a million and a quarter in coin and notes, but this will all filter back presently. Even this week the drain has been so well adjusted by other changes in the figures that the ratio of the reserve to the liability is quite stationary at the very high figure of 63 5-8 per cent. A proportion of 43 per cent. used to be regarded as quite satisfactory. With a reserve over 23½ millions, and a bullion stock over 32½ millions, dear money in the immediate future is a virtual impossibility.

Silver is behaving in a very unsatisfactory manner, having now dwindled to 27½d. per standard ounce. The recent weakness of the metal is due in great measure to previous unwise speculation on the idea that the Chino-Japanese War would involve large purchases of silver here, and now that the speculative "bull account" has been mostly liquidated, we hardly look for any further serious decline. Bed-rock seems to be about 27d., and holders of such securities as rupee paper and Mexican bonds, which fluctuate with the price of silver, should not altogether lose heart because the metal is still sliding.

Goschens remain as "hard as nails" about 103½, and in view of the flood of money that will be seeking safe investment in the beginning of the New Year, we are quite prepared to see the quotation still higher. It is certainly absurd to see a 2½ per cent. stock, with an extra $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. for nine years, standing at a price which makes the present yield less than 2½ per cent., but needs must when cheap money drives. Even cheap money, however, will be unable, we think, to maintain the quotations for Colonial inscribed stocks. There was no real justification for the late rally, and the recent buyers are beginning to realise this. From what we hear as to coming new loans and unfavourable banking developments, we are strongly opposed to further purchasing of Colonials.

Our persistent recommendation of Chatham and South-Eastern issues has been most amply justified by events. Official announcement has been made as to the agreement between the two boards in respect of rate-adjustment and competitive traffic, Continental or otherwise. This amicable working arrangement should result in a most important saving to both companies, and should raise the various stocks to an entirely new level. The effect on prices has been remarkable, and you, dear Sir, as well as our other clients, have thereby been put in the position to spend a very merry Christmas. We show undernoted the improvement that has taken place since the end of October—

	Oct. 31.	Dec. 29.	Rise.
South-Eastern Deferred	82½	90½	8½
Chatham Ordinary	15½	17½	2½
" First Preference	106½	118½	12½
" Second Preference	45	57½	12½

While it is impossible to say that the rise is now at an end, we are inclined to think it would be prudent to take a portion at least of such substantial profits and be satisfied.

There has been particularly good buying for some days of Metropolitan District Preference. It has been conducted quietly, and has forced the price up to 100½ almost without notice. The buyers, naturally, decline to say what they are buying on, but admit there are important developments pending. These might be in the direction of closer relationship with the Metropolitan; but, as the stock of the latter has not been spurring particularly, we are inclined to look in another direction for the explanation, and to suspect that the London Extension of the Sheffield has led some existing trunk line to make overtures to the District. Whether there be anything in this surmise or not, one thing is clear, that the Preference has had a very substantial rise, and that the Ordinary has not as yet responded. We, therefore, think you cannot go far wrong in buying a few Districts. Next week we may be able to say more on the subject; but the risk is worth taking on surmise, seeing how good the buying of the Preference is.

The Buenos Ayres gold premium has been jumping about rather erratically during the past week, according to the cables, but the advice of 248 for the 21st inst. was a telegraphic error, and should have been 258. There has, therefore, been a steady rise from 255 on the 19th inst. to 271 on the 26th, followed by a relapse to 263 to-day. This advance has been brought about mainly, we believe, by Government purchases of gold against coupon payments, and does not imply anything

new in the situation. Gold is now going out to the River Plate. £70,000 on Thursday, and £204,000 on Thursday the 13th inst., in payment of wheat and wool shipments, while more may be looked for; and when the bullion arrives—or, rather, in anticipation of its arrival—there is likely to be a fall in the premium. In such an event, Argentines should have a sharp advance, as the market is well looked after at present.

American Rails continue a most unsatisfactory market, dwindling steadily from day to day, and it is difficult to see light. The United States bond issue has failed to improve the situation, about half of the gold obtained having already ebbed away, and the Treasury must inevitably make another issue early in 1895. The knowledge of this has spoiled the market for the syndicate that took over the lot, and it has therefore dissolved, with 65 per cent. of the bonds left on the hands of the individual members, which they must sell as they can. Treasurer Carlisle's Currency Bill being of a nature adverse to the bonds, the syndicate bankers are likely to take their revenge by selling them at a price which will interfere with the Government's next issue, having a margin to come and go on from the successful sale at a good profit of 35 per cent. of the fifty million dollars. Altogether, the financial situation is a pretty kettle of fish, and only interested support can cause any recovery in prices at present. Our advice to you, dear Sir, is to stand altogether aside, for there is still plenty of trouble ahead. The Reading bondholders seem about to proceed to foreclosure, which involves a long and serious fight, the new Atchison scheme will certainly be even more drastic than the last, and traffics generally are depressing. Even the payment of the usual dividend by the New York Central is regarded with distrust, and spoken of as a market move. The break in Illinois Central has come sooner than we expected, although we had prepared you for a considerable decline.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CYCLOPS.—The people you refer to, for all we know to the contrary, pay their way, and do what they promise; the bonds of the Panama Company are genuine enough, and the lotteries are conducted fairly; but you can buy these same bonds from any ordinary dealer for 30 per cent. less than Cunliffe, Russell and Co. charge for them. These people charge from 30 to 40 per cent. over the proper market price for all the bonds they recommend in the pamphlet you speak of, and if you like we will send you the name of respectable dealers, who will do your business at current rates, which will be far cheaper for you.

Poverty.—Your list is a strange mixture of high-class and speculative securities. (1 and 2) are very high-class investments. (3) Not a bad speculative bond, but not the sort of thing to hold too much of. (4) A quicksilver mine of a most speculative nature. The general idea in the market is to expect a rise, on which (if it ever comes) you had better sell out. (5) This is another thing depending on the guarantee of the Venezuelan Government. The same remarks apply as in the case of No. 3. (6 and 7) We do not like either of these things, but hold on for the present. You do not say what securities you hold of the railway, so we can hardly judge. (8) Good.

E. S.—The so-called bank you name is a money-lending establishment which deals in bills of sale and suchlike things. We do not consider deposits safe, and the very rate of interest the people offer is enough to show the class of business they do. We would not let them have a shilling of our money. No investment paying 7 per cent. can be found for you which is *quite safe*, but, if you are willing to take the risks of trade, our issue of the 19th contains enough shares to select from. We have sent you the name you want.

GRAMPIAN.—We have no reliable information as to this mine, which we believe to be a swindle. Why on earth don't you buy good things, and not utter rubbish? Our columns have been full of good mining tips for months.

O. E. P.—The Automatic Sweetmeat Company seems to be doing well, as week after week the takings go up.

BOSTON.—You must pay your Trustees Corporation Call, or, at least, the part which is due now. If the company wins the Ottoman Bank action, there will be an upward bound in the shares. It is no use your trying to sell at this moment, for there are buyers only at absurd prices.

"OLAF."—Thank you for enclosure. We hope you have got our private letter with the name of the firm you require and the other information.

F. W. and A. C. M.—We are obliged for enclosures. The same answer applies as in the last case.

H. M. I.—We cannot advise. The matter is a purely legal one, on which you really must consult a respectable solicitor. If you do not know one, as you seem to imply, write to us again, and we will put you into communication with the firm who represent this paper.

BENGAL LANCER.—See answer to Cyclops. The prices quoted to you are a trifle lower than in the pamphlet he sent us. We will next week give the proper price for all the bonds.

D. MCI.—We hope you have got our letter.

NEMO.—It depends on the price of money. If bank rate goes up, Consols will probably fall. See Notes this week.

"GENTLEMAN JIM," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Even "Dr. Bill" has had Christmas leanings, and in honour of the season has indulged in a new *lever de rideau*. Mr. W. R. Walkes, whose name is well known by most of our readers, is the author of "Gentleman Jim," which is a capital specimen of the comedietta that tends to farce. Perhaps one cannot believe without effort in such a complicated game of cross-purposes as that which occurs between the brain-heated lady journalist and the inoffensive youth whom she takes to be a burglar, while he fancies that she is daughter of a horse-chaunter. However, at this period we all indulge largely in make-believe—the effort to persuade ourselves that Christmas is a merry season stimulates the imagination wonderfully—and, consequently, since Mr. Walkes has written some clever dialogue, and handled his subject adroitly, "Gentleman Jim" amuses everybody, and puts the audience into a happy humour for "Dr. Bill," who, since his rather painful renaissance, has nightly gained verve and vigour, and now delights the people wise enough to patronise the Court Theatre.